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MEMOIR

ALGERNON SYDNEY SULLIVAN

GIFT
C. H. Butler
DEC 20 1912

Algernon S. Sullivan.

A MEMOIR

OF

ALGERNON SYDNEY SULLIVAN

TOGETHER WITH

MEMORIAL TRIBUTES

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY HIS SON

GEORGE H. SULLIVAN

"I thank my God upon every remembrance of you."

370
284

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1890

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FOR MY FATHER'S FRIENDS

I HAVE HERE GATHERED WHAT SOME OF THEM HAVE SAID OF HIM.

IT IS MY HOPE

THAT THESE WORDS, LOVING AND APPRECIATIVE,

WILL IN SOME DEGREE

RECALL TO THEM THE MAN THEY KNEW.

GEORGE H. SULLIVAN.

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Algernon Sydney Sullivan.

ALGERNON SYDNEY SULLIVAN, the subject of this memoir, was descended from an old Irish family, long settled in the vicinity of Cork, but transplanted to America about a hundred years ago. Thomas Lyttleton Sullivan, the son of an Irish barrister, came to America from Charleville, County Cork, Ireland, and settled in Augusta County, Virginia, where in March, 1791, he married Margaret Irwin, a daughter of James Irwin. Margaret Irwin was of Scotch descent, a woman of strong character and deeply religious nature, whose influence left an indelible impression upon her only son and his children. This son, Jeremiah, was born in Rockingham County, Virginia, in 1794. His father, a devout Catholic, intended him for

the priesthood of that Church, and he spared no means to fit him for that vocation. After a boyhood spent in study he was sent to William and Mary College at Williamsburg, Virginia, where he was graduated with honor, and at once he chose the profession of the law. His studies were interrupted by a "wayward fancy" for participation in the war with Great Britain, and he served in two volunteer expeditions in 1813–14, and subsequently received a commission in the United States Army for "bravery and good conduct." This commission, at the urgent wish of his parents, he declined, and he then resumed his legal studies. Upon receiving, in 1816, a license to practice law, Jeremiah Sullivan determined to remove to the West, and after a horseback journey to Indiana he selected for his home the beautiful little town of Madison. To this place the family removed in 1817, and here Jeremiah soon brought his young bride, Charlotte Rudesel Cutler of Virginia. In this home the tranquil autumnal years of the elders and the whole married life of the younger couple were passed. It saw the birth of their eleven children to Jeremiah

and Charlotte Sullivan, and from its doors, in fullness of time, the grandparents first and then the parents passed to their rest.

Algernon Sydney Sullivan, second son of Judge Jeremiah and Charlotte Rudesel Sullivan, was born in Madison, Indiana, April 5, 1826. He was a delicate child, and he early showed a devotion to books. At the age of nine he began to receive instruction in English and Latin, under the care of Mr. Roswell Elms, an Englishman, a teacher of uncommon classical attainments. Judge Sullivan possessed literary taste and ability, and both at home and in school his son Algernon was led to a close study of the best authors, to habits of direct, logical thinking, and to forms of almost classical expression. These accomplishments grew with his growth. During the years when Judge Sullivan sat upon the Supreme Bench of Indiana, his brother Justices, Blackford and Dewey, were frequent guests at his home, and the unrestrained companionship of a trio so illustrious was an invaluable training to young Algernon, who was already beginning to dream of the future, and to question

whether he should choose the profession that his father loved and adorned.

Outside of his own home the pulsing life of this almost frontier town offered to the alert mind and budding imagination of Algernon many and varied opportunities for the observation and study of his fellow-man. Many streams of travel passed through Madison. Currents from the East bearing emigrants from the Old World, hopeful of prosperity in the New, met the counter currents of returning pioneers, to whom the alluring fields of Eldorado had yielded only the dross of disappointment. Texans, who still boasted of the Alamo, victors from the fields of Mexico, delegations of Indians seeking the Great Father in Washington, fugitive slaves fleeing northward for liberty — all had but one highway to their various destinations, the waters of the beautiful river that flowed by Madison. Much drift-wood lodged there, but all that came, went, or stayed only added to the wealth of memories and impulses which the poetical imagination and fervid nature of Algernon were now absorbing. This observation of many sorts of men awoke

in the youth, now approaching manhood, an intense love for his race, a boundless sympathy with unfortunate members of it, and a profound faith in the power of active human sympathy.

At seventeen Algernon entered Hanover College, at South Hanover, Indiana, then under the presidency of Dr. McMasters, an able teacher. The next year Dr. McMasters accepted the presidency of Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio, and to that place the boy followed him, and there he was graduated in 1845. During the last year of college life Algernon was in frail health, and the letters that he then received from his parents express great anxiety in regard to his condition. Upon one of these solicitous letters is the following note in his handwriting: "A father once wrote on the back of his son's portrait, 'He never caused me to sigh except when he left home. May God bless him.' I would give a right eye if the same could be said of me. My constant endeavor shall be, henceforth, to live worthy of such a father as my own, by practicing obedience to what I know to be duty, and particularly by exercising a

prudent and cautious self-control and avoiding all disingenuousness." This voice from his youth speaks clearly the aspirations of Algernon Sullivan's soul in that formative period, and it shows that the practice of those virtues that marked his whole life was the result of a solemn purpose, early formed and faithfully held to.

After leaving college Mr. Sullivan began the study of law under his father's direction, and during the next four years lived in his father's house. A letter, from one who was acquainted with that home and its influences, here pictures his surroundings at that time:

134 Rush Street,
Chicago, Jan. 14, 1889.

My dear Mr. Sullivan:

I enjoyed the article written as a tribute of memory by the Rev. Richard D. Harlan. It awakened thoughts of the past — of my childhood days. Your grandfather's home, the long side porches, the running roses, the honeysuckles, the walk from the garden gate, bordered by the potted hydrangea, which led our willing feet to the home room; the room where we, who were daily visitors, were sure to find

our way. Rare was the occasion when we found your grandmother out of her "old arm-chair." The windows, too, with their broad sills, were never free from growing plants. The bedstead with its testered top, hung with its dainty curtains, the open fire-place, and a chair corresponding to the one already occupied, ready and waiting for your grandfather. We knew his step; and his quiet, dignified manner, instead of awing us in our childish glee, was a kind of a benediction. It was not frequent, but an occasional treat, when your great-grandmother would let us don her every-day dresses and play "come to see," watching with delight the trains we dragged around the floors, and your Uncle Jerry as doctor, with his box of mud pills, would insist that we were sick and needed a panacea; and to elude the dreaded ordeal, that he would *try* to enforce, would drive us each to our respective homes.

I can never remember a time that your father was not a leader in the Sunday-school, and to have listened to his Fourth of July oration was as necessary to our happiness as was the ginger cake and lemonade to our hunger. For in those days patriotism was a religious rite. For months before, would we bespeak our partners for the march through the street. How times and customs change; but the memory, even if it provokes laughter, is an emerald in a diamond setting. And in the long journey we have made since then, I am sincere in saying at no wayside inn have I ever found a more goodly company, neither have I overtaken on the road man, woman, or child, who

have blotted from my memory the noble traits, the fine sense of humor, the sunny hours, that we found in your grandfather's home.

Sincerely yours,

ELEONORA HUNT.

Two breaks occurred in the life of Mr. Sullivan as a law-student: one a winter visit to the South, in which he was accompanied by his mother, and from which he returned benefited in health, and one, a tour of his native State, in the course of which he made his first continuous efforts in public speaking. At this time the subject of public education was attracting much attention, and the expediency of adding to the taxation of the State for the support of schools was a matter which divided the opinion of the people of Indiana. Mr. Sullivan had studied the question in its broad relation to the needs of a country whose government is of the people, and he was ardently in favor of a better and ampler public school system. At the age of twenty we find him enlisted in a cause that commanded his interest to his latest hours. In support of this idea he "stumped" Indiana, speaking in all the doubtful counties,

and speaking with an earnestness and eloquence that gained for him the title of the "young Demosthenes."

After having been licensed to practice law Mr. Sullivan removed in the spring of 1849 to Cincinnati. Here the progress and incidents of the first year after his removal are but similar to the struggles of hundreds of young men upon the threshold of a professional career, with, in his case, the exception of an active participation in what are deemed public affairs. The same questions that had excited his earliest interest while a youth here presented themselves even more forcibly to his attention as he grew into thoughtful manhood. Early in his residence in Cincinnati, Mr. Sullivan became a working member of the School Board, a member of the Common Council, one of the board of directors of the House of Refuge, and a corporate member of the Historical Society. His church work was done in association with the Second Presbyterian Church, then under the pastorate of Dr. Fisher.

On January 2, 1851, Algernon S. Sullivan was married to Mary Slocum Groesbeck,

third daughter of John Groesbeck of Cincinnati, and thus the strongest tie was formed that could bind him to the home of his adoption. Such a union with a woman of personal loveliness and sweet character gave every promise of happiness; but in September of the same year all these promises were blighted, and an overwhelming grief came to Mr. Sullivan in the death of his beloved young wife. In this bereavement he sought composure and resignation in the duties of a religious life, in devotion to study, and in public questions — carrying into every occupation the earnestness of purpose that marked all his conduct to the last. At the same time, and at all times, his life was one of strenuous application to his profession, by which he was advancing to an enviable rank among the younger members of the Cincinnati Bar. As a public-spirited citizen, Mr. Sullivan stood among the first in that city.

Thirty-five years ago America was not so much visited by distinguished Europeans as it is now. Then, when a man from a struggling nation came to us for inspiration and encouragement we received him with

enthusiasm. About that time Kossuth, a knowledge of whose sufferings in the cause of his native land, associated with the charm of his fervid oratory, had made him a popular hero, arrived in New-York. His coming caused popular commotion wherever he appeared. Mr. Sullivan was sent by the people and corporate authorities of Cincinnati to convey to the Hungarian patriot their congratulations upon his release from imprisonment and to proffer the hospitality of their city; and the New-York "Times" of December 19, 1851, says that "at the close of Kossuth's reply to Mr. Sullivan's eloquent address the Governor received Mr. Sullivan with greater cordiality than we have seen him exhibit toward any other delegate." This incident illustrates a strongly-marked trait of Mr. Sullivan's nature — earnest desire to offer public recognition of the noble aspirations and achievements of other men.

Reference to the letters received by Mr. Sullivan between the years 1851–56, shows him actively working with the Whig party, in whose political creed he had been reared, and to which he had given in early manhood

his devoted support. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise, generally called the Kansas-Nebraska Act, consolidated most of the Whigs of the North, together with men of that section and of the West who more distinctively represented the anti-slavery sentiment, into a political organization which assumed the name of the Republican party. The principles of this new party had made great headway in Ohio. With Salmon P. Chase for their standard-bearer the Republican party, in 1855, made its first fight for the governorship of Ohio and was successful. Mr. Sullivan, after careful study of the points then in dispute, looked upon the aims of the new organization as sectional, not national, and therefore gave his preference and allegiance to the party whose principles, as he believed, regarded the needs of the whole Union; and in this faith he entered the field as a campaign speaker against the Republican party and its candidate for the governorship of Ohio. He had looked forward to spending a part of this year in England; but circumstances changed this plan, and he devoted himself to excursions through Ohio for the

purpose of political speaking, and in journeys to Virginia.

On December 13, 1855, Algernon S. Sullivan was married at Winchester, Virginia, to Mary Mildred Hammond, eldest daughter of George W. Hammond of that town, who, after thirty-two years of happy, useful, and honored life at his side, survives him.

Ill health compelled Mr. Sullivan to forego social engagements during the winter of 1855–56, but his many serious occupations received earnest attention. A letter from one who at that time entered on the study of law in his office gives so perfect a portrayal of the daily life and of the influence of Mr. Sullivan that it is gratefully inserted here.

OFFICE OF JOHN W. FOSTER, 1405 I Street N. W.,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 14, 1889.

DEAR MRS. SULLIVAN:

It gave me great pleasure on my return home a few days ago to find the life-like photograph of your dear departed husband, and I desire to thank you very heartily for favoring me with it. I have had it hung in my office where I can daily look upon the face of the friend to whom I owe so much and who

commanded so great a measure of my respect and esteem.

The photograph carried me back in memory thirty-two years to the time when I was a student in his office in Cincinnati. I well remember the very cordial greeting he gave me when I presented the letters from his friends in Indiana commending me to his care, and I cherish with gratitude the recollection of the interest he took in my professional advancement. The characteristics in him which most impressed me at that time were the warm interest he took in young men, his whole-souled hospitality, and his consistent Christian life. By his daily conduct he taught me that it was possible to be a successful lawyer and at the same time an active and devoted follower of Christ; and it was this silent lesson that was the most valuable and lasting instruction I received in his office. The influence which he thus exerted all through life in his profession has been an achievement of greater merit and honor than all the forensic and legal triumphs which he gained during his long career. His work is done; but he still lives in the characters of the many who learned of him what are the truest elements of professional success and usefulness. . . .

Yours truly,

JOHN W. FOSTER.

The summer of 1856 brought severe financial disaster to the United States. The unsettled condition of politics, North and

South, caused depression in all business, but especially in that of the new States of the Northwest. Mr. Sullivan had made investments in those new industrial centers and he suffered heavy losses by their prostration and ultimate failure. Realizing that he must start anew, he determined to make that start in New-York. The metropolitan spirit which distinguishes New-York from every other American city had always attracted Mr. Sullivan, and a desire to share its privileges and mingle in its activities was not new to him. The deciding impulse, however, to remove thither was given at this time. In May, 1857, he became a resident of New-York. He was admitted to the Bar upon motion of Daniel Lord, and from that time he threw himself with all the ardor of his nature into the duties of his profession and into political life. The first years of Mr. Sullivan's residence in New-York, if not filled with remunerative work, were far from being idle years. Though not many lucrative clients found their way to his modest office, yet his spirit of courageous helpfulness was making itself felt, and he was sought as one possessing

both the desire and the ability to originate and accomplish schemes of public interest as well as a wise counsellor and friend in private affairs.

In the summer of 1858 Mr. Sullivan aided in organizing the civic ceremonies incident to the removal of the remains of James Monroe from New-York to their final grave in Richmond, Virginia. A twofold impulse prompted him to this pious work. First, he saw in it an opportunity of testifying to national reverence for one of the purest and ablest of American Presidents, and secondly, he saw that this occasion was one for a united and fraternal action on the part of the North and South, calculated to restore, if but in a slight degree, the essential bond of cordiality between two sections of the Union. Mr. Sullivan, as already intimated, became a Democrat in 1855. In this as in every other step of his public life he went where conscience and patriotism called him. The principles of the Democratic party offered, in his judgment, the surest guarantee of a continuance of a policy that had made the American Republic a powerful nation. When the civil war burst upon the coun-

try he remained with that political party from which he hoped the most speedy and constitutional settlement of national disputes. Yielding to no one in devotion to the Union and in abhorrence of slavery, he clung as long as was possible to the hope of a cementing of the one and abolishing of the other without bloodshed. The thought of disunion of the States of America was intolerable to him.

A striking episode occurred in Mr. Sullivan's life, at the outbreak of the civil war,— as related in the American Bar Association Memorial,— showing his independence and his fortitude where a principle was to be vindicated. In 1861 Mr. Sullivan had been retained by the Confederate States as counsel for the officers and crew of the schooner *Savannah*, then prisoners in New-York under a charge of piracy. The case came before Judge Nelson and Judge Shipman in the Circuit Court of the United States, on July 17, 1861, and Mr. Sullivan appeared for Captain Baker. The illness of Judge Nelson caused a postponement until the following October; but in this interval Mr. Sullivan

was suddenly arrested on a charge of disloyalty to the United States Government and was imprisoned in Fort Lafayette. This proceeding called forth vigorous protests from many of the first jurists of the country, some of them friends to the Administration, declaring the arrest to be a public outrage, and completely justifying Mr. Sullivan's course as counsel, both to his client and to the State. After a short imprisonment he was released, quite as unexpectedly as he had been arrested, and two days later he appeared in Court among his distinguished associates in the trial of the case which had led to his being made a prisoner. His triumph was absolute and complete.

One other incident, remembered by many, of this period of Mr. Sullivan's life illustrates a quality which he possessed in a high degree, intrepid courage in danger when duty called him to face it. This incident occurred during the Draft Riots in the summer of 1863, when thousands of the unemployed of the city made a formidable and lawless protest against the system of drafting by which the armies were then being recruited. The city seemed at

their mercy, and they committed many acts of wanton cruelty and violence.

One of these armed and furious bands of rioters, marching up Fifth Avenue, was attracted by the palatial appearance of the home of Dr. Thomas Ward, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-seventh Street, one of the most beautiful and luxurious homes of the city, and with angry outcries and denunciations the rioters prepared to attack it.

In their apprehension it occurred to one of the ladies of the family to send to Mr. Sullivan's home, then in Forty-fifth Street, and ask him to come to their help.

He went instantly, and found Dr. Ward defending, unaided, the entrance to his house, the iron gate and railing of which the maddened crowd were battering down. Mr. Sullivan gained the portico, and facing the leaders of the mob, addressed them such earnest, eloquent words upon their duty as men and citizens that finally he persuaded them to withdraw.

In speaking of this trying moment of their lives, Dr. Ward and the niece who fetched Mr. Sullivan invariably attributed the preser-

vation of their home to the influence of his presence and efforts.

In 1870 Mr. Sullivan was appointed Assistant District Attorney for the City of New-York, which office he held until 1873, when he resigned it for the more congenial field of private practice. In his professional labors Mr. Sullivan found great enjoyment. The study of law was a mental occupation with which he never became satiated. Its practice called into active use many of his highest gifts. When he sought recreation it was usually in the direction of matters and occasions of public interest, charitable or artistic, and educative in aim. From his coming to reside in New-York to the last weeks of his life, there is no year's record unmarked by some such work. His enthusiasm and hopefulness in all good undertakings were inexhaustible; and though by failure or partial defeat of high endeavors this hopefulness often received a shock, the remembrance of the pain was but transient, while the noble faith remained perennial.

In 1875 Mr. Sullivan was appointed Public Administrator of the City of New-York, and

that appointment he held ten years, resigning it in 1885. From this time he declined office, but he by no means ceased to be a public worker. His large sympathy, his pure and vehement spirit, and his varied talents gave to him an anomalous position in the community, and he continued to be sought by enterprises that needed such gifts. Many who now recall his numerous and various services to causes and occasions of public interest can understand the emotion of a friend who, as he listened to one of Mr. Sullivan's public speeches, said with admiration, "How is it that Mr. Sullivan does everything and does it all well?" It was his intense sympathy with his fellow-men and his ardent wish to help them that made this possible. Persons seeing him but a few times were so encouraged by his power to cheer that they have remembered him as exerting a crowning personal influence upon their lives. After his death a sensitive young woman said, "I saw him but once, and he spoke two words to me; but such was the influence of his approving and encouraging smile that ever since, in seasons of despond-

ency, his face has come back to me and he has been my inspiration towards self-improvement. How I wish I had ever had courage to tell him this!"

In no man was the sense stronger of the brotherhood of the human race; Jew or Gentile, bond or free, all were the children of the same father. "I am a man and a stranger to nothing human" was a constantly recurring strain in the beautiful harmony of his thought and life. This sentiment, enlarged and somewhat varied, is repeated in many of the extracts and quotations found jotted down in his handwriting on scraps of paper,—the backs of envelopes, etc., in his pockets, his desk, the drawers of his office table,—all showing the direction of his daily thoughts and aspirations. Upon a worn and yellow sheet is the following: "The realization of the Ideal Life is the great design of God, and the great work of man. The advancement and elevation of Humanity is most surely promoted by whatever best and permanently develops the individual man. It is by the enlightened and disinterested service of his fellow beings that he most surely

strengthens and idealizes his own nature. The hero has here a field of conquest assigned to him in which he need fear no defeat and will not have to weep over tarnished or dear-bought victory. He is a fellow-worker with God."

"The aspiring and spiritual will be at home in the Father's House. The blessings pronounced upon the meek, the mourners, the merciful, are nothing compared to that pronounced upon the 'pure in heart: they shall see God.'" In these thoughts is seen the source of Mr. Sullivan's ennobling influence over his fellow-men.

The Golden Rule — this was his guide in all actions. A short time before his death, a gentleman, with whom he fell into a talk about politics as they met on the street, tells that as they separated he said, "Well, I know of no better guide in politics — as in everything else — than the Golden Rule."

So his years passed, each bringing to him ampler recognition, fuller professional occupation, a larger horizon to his Christian optimism, and a broader field for his labors of love and charity. His soul growing into

a cheerful serenity informed his character with an unusual poise of manly virtues: his life was a daily exposition of love to God and to man. It is not too much to say that he daily took upon himself heavy burdens of the troubles of other men, and not many days passed in which he did not clear away some perplexity from a less happy life, or strengthen the character of some weaker fellow-man. Loving, working, rejoicing, he passed to his eternal rest.

On Thanksgiving day, November 25, 1887, Mr. Sullivan had gathered around him all the members of his family within reach, and he was as ever the center of the cheerful enjoyment always kindled by his presence. How precious is the recollection of that morning to all who gathered around his board, and how imperishable the picture of his beaming face! No omen of the swiftly coming sorrow darkened the brightness of that day. On the following Saturday Mr. Sullivan while at his office was attacked by a chill. He was brought home, a physician was summoned, and all was done that could be done in his behalf. A short illness of nine days followed,

during which the patient invalid was gently, almost painlessly, led to "the bound of life where we lay our burdens down." Amid the holy quiet of a Sabbath evening, December 4, 1887, the strong, loving heart ceased to beat. The period of this faithful servant's earthly labor was reached. His reward had begun.

Upon the various fields in which Mr. Sullivan wrought he has left a deep impression, and he came from each of them bearing with him a sheaf of love. Appreciative words have been spoken of his many endowments and their noble use; but those who knew him best think of him, not as the great lawyer, the brilliant orator, the man of artistic taste, with a charm and sympathy that drew all hearts; but they love to dwell upon him as a man — as one whose development shows to what heights human nature can attain when consecrated to the service of God and man.

Two sketches commemorative of Mr. Sullivan are here printed to conclude this Memoir, because taken together they seem to constitute an adequate and faithful portraiture of his remarkable character and his noble and beneficent life. The first is by a brother lawyer, written shortly after Mr. Sullivan's death, parts of which were published in a Memorial then issued by the American Bar Association: "Mr. Sullivan was distinctively a lawyer, by heritage from his eminent father, by a natural judicial cast of mind, by a cultivated and liberal legal education. His other accomplishments and works, distinguished and varied as they were, were only secondary to his profession. The law was his life work and his life love as well. Not a lawyer in the commonplace acceptation, he was a legal guide, practical, wise, judicial, with exquisite tact, with infinite patience, with a sense of equity almost intuitive. Adversary and client alike felt the power of his lucid, conscientious, wise advice. His natural talents and his attainments especially fitted him for the *nisi prius* practice, and he was recognized as one of the strongest, readiest, and most successful

jury lawyers at the Bar. His learning and tastes were so varied, however, that he was equally accomplished in the conduct of the practical and daily duties of his profession. For thirty years in the city of his adoption, and for ten years in the State of his early labors, he was a working lawyer, and it was in this aspect that he most loved to be regarded. The law was a great mother to him, and he studied its philosophy, he pictured its principles with such love, wisdom, and fairness that no lawyer envied the preëminent rank which he attained and so easily held. It is fair to say that no lawyer, however great his fame, was regarded by the Bench with greater confidence and esteem. The Bench itself was not more sensitive than he to its dignity and honor. His life, his virtues, his judicial quality, unwavering honesty, and legal acumen led all judges to receive his words almost as those of a friend of the court — not merely as those of an advocate. No lawyer equaled him in the affection and admiration of the Bar. No other lawyer occupied so peculiarly interesting a place in their hearts. He was ever the obliging friend, the fair ad-

versary, or the alert coadjutor. While other great names may claim equality with his in the ranks of the profession, among the judiciary, in the councils of the Nation, it is only laying upon his bier the laurel of justice to say that no lawyer of his day attained so high a place in all these fields of activity. A great lawyer, a wise counselor, a charming and convincing orator, a statesman wise in council and fearless in declaration, a philanthropist in the broadest sense of the word, active (but as a recreation only) in matters of literature, art, music, and the lighter graces of life, his talents, virtues, and accomplishments made his life one beautiful and instructive to contemplate and glorious to emulate."

The second of these commemorative sketches was written by William Winter, and no better estimate of Mr. Sullivan's equipment, his work, and his nature can be given than that conveyed by these discriminating words, now published for the first time: "It is a significant fact with reference to the character of Algernon S. Sullivan that, even by those who knew him only at a distance, he is remembered first with love and

then with admiration. He possessed in unusual measure the capacity to inspire affection. This result was due in part to personal charm and in part to the influence of his great humanity. His aspect was that of an almost austere natural dignity, but also it was that of exquisite gentleness and benevolence. He had intuitive knowledge of the good qualities in the character of every person with whom he came in contact. His mental vision was so broad that he could see all around every object at which he looked. Life in his eyes was a great drama, in which every man and woman has to play a part; and his sense of the relation of persons and things was unerring in its keenness and truth. Although his heart was warm, his judgment was always devoid of passion. He was aware of the infirmities of human nature. He never wished to relinquish any one as hopelessly wrong and bad. No one could pass beyond the pale of his charity. He always saw the redeeming trait and the extenuating circumstance. He understood the condition and the feelings of all classes of persons. He met the world with sympathy. He recognized

merits before he looked at faults, and as his spirit was manifestly pure and perfectly sincere, his conduct straightforward, his manner gentle, and his industry incessant in doing good, he naturally called forth the good qualities of those who came within the scope of his influence. His courtesy was intuitive, and neither care, worry, haste, responsibility, nor pain could make him unmindful or neglectful of the consideration rightfully due to every human creature. If ever man acted upon Hamlet's precept, 'Use them after your own honor and dignity,' Mr. Sullivan was that man. Such a nature could not fail to be loved, and as this lovable temperament was associated with mental qualities equally valuable and brilliant, he was in a kindred way respected and admired. His learning was varied and exact. His eloquence was natural, fluent, sweet, persuasive, often impassioned, always guided by pure taste, harmonious with reason, and directed upon noble objects. His veneration for the law and his high sense of moral responsibility invested his manner with a peculiar grace of splendid distinction; and this combined with

accuracy of legal knowledge, lucidity of statement, felicity of illustration, and copiousness of vocabulary made him one of the most impressive orators of the American Bar. In literature he had ample resources, a light and gracious touch, and the rare faculty of taste. His political creed was the honor of American citizenship and the welfare of his fellowmen, and perhaps the essential principle of his public life may be best expressed in his own memorable declaration that '*No man can truly serve his country to the best of his power who has not in his mind all the time a service still higher than that of his country.*'"

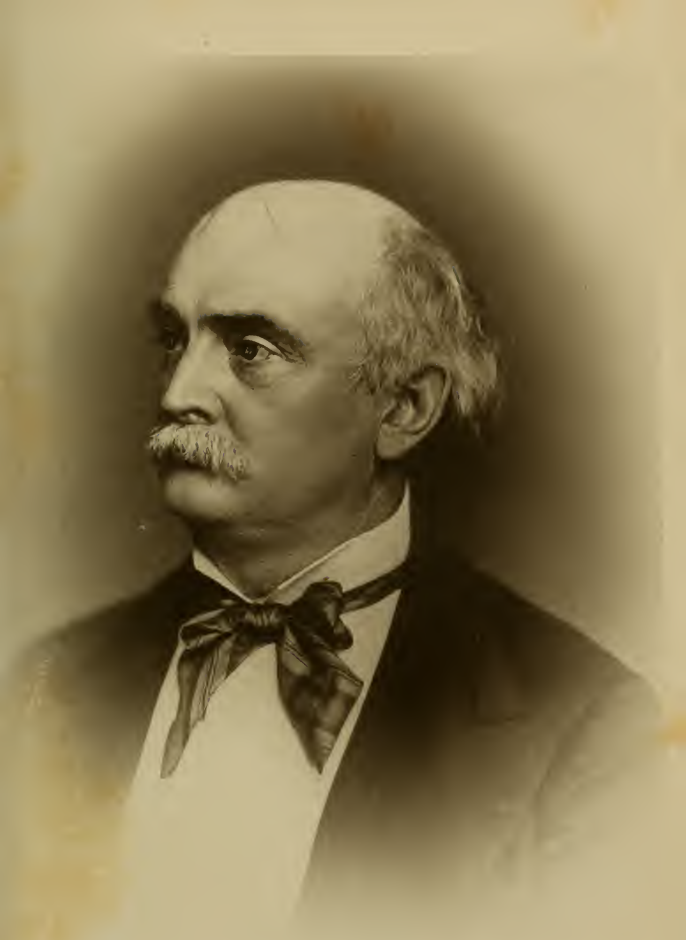
Algernon Sydney Sullivan.

By Rev. Richard D. Harlan.

N. Y. Evangelist, Dec. 30, 1888.

"His was the tribe of God Almighty's gentlemen."
—DRYDEN.

IT is now many months since Mr. Sullivan fell asleep, and these simple lines of tribute to his memory may seem all too tardy, as indeed they are. But the vacancy he left in numerous enterprises which had for their object the helping and ennobling and beautifying of the common life of the metropolis, and the aching void in the lives of many men and women over the land whom he had linked to himself in closest friendship, would give a responsive audience at any time to one who would speak of him.



Algernon S. Sullivan.

Immediately after his death the secular journals had much to say from their standpoint, by way of praise of his career and work. But for the honor of Jesus Christ, such a man should not drop out of the ranks of the Church Militant without some public attention being called to his life and influence from a religious point of view; and although there are many who would be far better qualified to tell of his worth, yet as the minister of that venerable Church of which he was a devoted and consistent member, a strong pillar, and a shining ornament, I feel constrained to take this opportunity of putting on record some impressions of the man as many saw him.

In the warfare waged by the King's army against the wickedness of this world there is need for all kinds of service and all types of Christians. We are very apt in these days of multiform ecclesiastical machinery and activities, to accord the chief honor only to those men, laymen as well as ministers, who give most of the energies of their life to the *direct* work of Christianizing their fellow-men. The current standards of religious "usefulness" are so cast-iron and conventional that we

often fail to recognize the distinguished and incalculable services rendered to that cause, which is so dear to the heart of Christ and of His people, in another part of the field of battle — in that part which is popularly known as "the world." This service is rendered by an entirely different type of disciple, by men who are not conspicuously identified in the mind of the general public with religious work, who, on the contrary, are mainly distinguished in purely secular circles; *but who exhibit in these worldly spheres the spirit of Christ and of our holy religion.* It is well that all disciples are not of the one type, and we cannot be too thankful for the existence of Christian men and women of the world, whose main efforts seem to be, and indeed are, in the world, but the true source of whose life is "hid with Christ in God." Such a man was Algernon Sydney Sullivan; and if there are any distinctions in the Church Triumphant, such as hold among men, we reverently believe that in the Great Captain's welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant," this disciple has received an heavenly knighthood

as a reward for his great services on the earthly field of battle.

What the trenchant Dryden satirically wrote of one of the characters in his "Absalom and Achitophel," could be said in sober earnestness of this chivalrous servant of Christ: "His was the tribe of God Almighty's gentlemen." It is too risky an experiment to try to enumerate the marks of a gentleman. One thing is certain: it is not a question of blood, or even of manners, much less of money. We can all recognize the gentleman, even although it may be difficult to define him. Now there are many earnest, good Christians in the world, and the tribe of true gentlemen is not without its representatives in every land; but if we use terms discriminatingly, *the combination of the two* in their *highest* forms is not an every-day thing. Not many in any one community deserve to be admitted into the number of the Christian "Immortals," that "tribe of God Almighty's gentlemen"; but, beyond dispute, here was a man who could be truly called, *par excellence*, a Christian gentleman. As a distinguished

metropolitan preacher wrote of him shortly after his death:

> He was a true man, combining in himself the highest qualities both of the Christian and the gentleman; and though mingling much both in society and in public affairs, still bearing himself in both without fear and without reproach. He carried his Christian principles into his daily life thoroughly, and yet not in such a manner as to provoke either the sneer of the scoffer or the antagonism of the ungodly. *He compelled all to respect both his Christianity and himself.*

This is high praise, and yet it does not over-estimate his influence from a religious standpoint.

Now it would not be becoming in a minister of the Gospel to say a word derogatory of the efforts of those zealous and sincere men, to whom many in the Church would give the distinctive title of "Christian workers." But there is great need at this time that men pay earnest heed to the New Testament truth, often lost sight of, that *all* work, *all* business, the pursuit of the ordinary callings of life, even the fulfillment of the round of social duties, if done in the spirit of Christ, is Chris-

tian work. The Church of this age seems bitten with the idea that Martha is the highest type of Christian character; that a man must be full of bustling activity, busy about many things in Church work, if he would be a fruitful disciple. Professor Henry Drummond has done one great service for modern English Christendom in recalling attention to the laws of growth in grace. He has reminded us that we do not attain the highest levels of Christian living by striving after outward activity, but simply by fulfilling the conditions of growth in the personal religious life, and so growing after the pattern of Christ. Now a man may be the most active of Christians, as the phrase goes, and yet fall far short of the highest spiritual attainments. On the other hand, here is another man who is put by God in a conspicuous place in the world; a man whose life is providentially so filled to overflowing with what seems purely secular that there is little opportunity left for "Christian work," so-called; and yet such a man may, as did Mr. Sullivan, render yeoman service to the Great Master by doing this divinely given work in an upright, dutiful,

honest-hearted fashion, "walking in the fear of the Lord," with love to his fellow-men, and striving in all things to have the mind of Christ. It is encouraging that in the Apostolic list there is no such fruit as "usefulness"; it is, "love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, brotherly kindness, charity." And these fair flowers of Christian character may be seen far up amid the Alpine snows of politics and public affairs and society, just as well as down in those valleys of distinctively Christian work, in which place, alone, some of us are often tempted to look for the sweet influences of religion. To the deeply devout man there is no such distinction as between secular and religious life, just as there is none between profane and sacred history. As all history is but the unfolding of the grand purposes of the Eternal, which take within their sweep all the currents of politics, of commerce, and even of war; so all careers are, or may be, a ministry, an heavenly calling. We may do the work given us to do in a Christ-like spirit, and so fulfill the law of Christ. Such a life was Mr. Sullivan's, and it is refreshing and instructive to contem-

plate it, because of the very environment in which it was cast.

It is not the purpose of this modest article to make any sketch of his life or attempt any analysis of his intellectual gifts, but simply to recall to those who knew him a few of the traits of his loving and lovable character, in order to show how beautifully he exhibited the spirit of our holy religion. Whatever would be named as the dominant elements of Mr. Sullivan's nature by those who stood in the innermost circle of intimates, there were two features in his character which are especially recalled by the mass of his friends, perhaps because they were the very links by which he bound them to himself, and in each do we see the mind of Christ.

The first of these qualities was that spirit of helpfulness with which he moved through life. Some one said of him: "He always *reached out both hands* to his fellow-man." It is a pleasing and life-like portrait. His large heart beat for humankind. He felt the sorrows and troubles and difficulties of others as if they were his own, and he gave freely of his time, his money, and, what was best of

all, himself to their easement. He always espoused the cause of the weak, the oppressed, and the friendless, and chivalrously threw himself, like a modern Christian knight, into every scheme for the helping and uplifting of men which came to his attention. This disposition revealed itself very early in his life, and he was but filling his natural place when, as a mere youth, the people of Cincinnati, where he was then residing, sent him to New-York to join in that welcome to these shores which was given by the country to Louis Kossuth and his fellow-exiles, and to invite him to partake of the whole-souled hospitality of their Western city. Among other things which he said upon that memorable occasion, he maintained that "the government that intermeddles to assist one nation to oppress another is as much the enemy of liberty and happiness as the pirate on the high seas. Every man's hand and every nation's hand should be against her, and there should be no sanctuary of precedent or policy whither she could fly for safety." In these words the youthful orator struck the key-note to which his whole nature responded, and to which his

whole life kept true. His quick sympathies always went out with a prodigal generosity to all that were down-trodden in any way, and especially to those who were striving to push their way upward. This spirit of helpfulness appeared in a most attractive form in the affectionate interest he always took in the success of the young men of his acquaintance. Many a young man, coming as a stranger to this great city, found that a letter of introduction to Mr. Sullivan was not only the "Open Sesame" to the hospitality of his charming home and to numberless other courtesies, but also to opportunity and success in business; for he went out of his way to put such strangers into a position where they could help themselves. What one young man recently said is true of many others in New-York: "No small part of my success is due to the good words and kind offices of Mr. Sullivan at the outset of my career." It is no wonder that so many of them loved him as a father, and to this day mourn his departure with a deep sense of personal bereavement. It was in these unselfish ways that he tied men to himself, so that his associates found it hard ever

to feel envy for his achievements; while his friends always took a kind of affectionate pride in any success that he won.

The other shining characteristic of the man, which struck all who met him, was a combination of real sweetness of disposition and gentle courtliness of manner. As a young woman once said of him, "He was sweet to the very core." And that chivalrous bearing and winning grace which was so admired was not the thin veneer of the mere courtier, but was a natural expression, so graceful because so genuine, of a heart-born kindliness and thoughtfulness of others. An intimate associate has offered this significant tribute to his memory — significant because the action which he mentions is so slight and yet so constant that it was as true and natural a manifestation of Mr. Sullivan's real character as bubbling waters speak forth the cool depths of a spring: "His greeting to the messenger boy in his office was as courteous and thoughtful and as considerate as to the most distinguished citizen of our city." And he went on to say that during five years of most intimate association with him he never heard a harsh,

unkind, inconsiderate, or intemperate word pass his lips. Those who knew Mr. Sullivan will recognize the photographic truthfulness of this strong statement; and it is a very impressive one when we stop to think how often, in the fierce round of daily business, that mask of *conscious* effort after good deeds and kind words, which is worn to a greater or less extent by all men, is put aside, and the real man underneath makes himself known. In this connection I should like to put on record the testimony of a good woman, who for sixteen years has been a faithful helper in his household; it is a telling tribute to the abiding gentleness of his character, because so many good men seem to feel themselves privileged, in the unguarded privacy of their own homes, occasionally to relax their self-control. She says that in all those years she "*never once heard Mr. Sullivan's voice raised in anger or irritation.*" It seemed never to change from the key of kindness and good cheer. Although capable of a righteous indignation, which was at times terrific, mere anger rarely had any lodgment in his breast. Many of his friends can recollect trying cir-

cumstances in which most men would have shown great temper, but under which Mr. Sullivan accepted the situation with an unruffled sweetness of spirit which won the admiration even of those who differed from him. He loved peace, and studied always how to win it. He never used his gifted tongue to greater effect than in quelling passion and in explaining away differences. He loved always to find the common ground on which men could stand and work together. There was no bitterness or suspiciousness in his nature. He believed in God; he believed also in man. Bacon's words are singularly fitting to Mr. Sullivan: "He moved in charity, rested in Providence, and turned upon the poles of truth." His character had in it that which turned evil into good.

These two special characteristics, which have been recalled to those who remember Mr. Sullivan, both belong to that part of human nature which in the popular psychology is called "the heart." Now Mr. Sullivan had great intellectual gifts and attainments, but that which makes so many men mourn his departure with a sense of personal loss

were those qualities which came from the heart and which spoke to the heart. His own tribute to the character of the late Chief-Justice Church is exactly descriptive of a leading feature of his own:

> Heart-wisdom is the lily-white chaplet which I would lay to-day by the opening grave of Sandford E. Church. Heart-wisdom! It is a heavenly gift, that seems to lead its happy possessor intuitively into the paths of truth. When Moses unfolded the economy of the Jewish State, it was revealed to him that for certain duties and services "wise-hearted" men should be designated. The phrase presents to the mind images of simplicity, purity of intention, directness of motive, unselfishness, and, above all, a controlling reverence and sense of religious obligation. In studying the character of eminent men like Judge Church we soon see that it was not intellectual superiority alone that gave them their strong influence, but also purity of intention, which imparted tranquillity of soul, composed the passions, and illuminated the mind; so that, following duty, the man knew many things, and was wise in action.

Mr. Sullivan would have been too modest and unconscious of self to have described himself in any such words; and yet those who knew him will recognize in them an out-

line of his own character, which is as clean-cut as cameo.

Mr. Sullivan was a great lover of children and of young people; and he never appeared more charming than in his addresses to them upon religious and other subjects. He saw in the young the hope of the republic and of the Church, and he always took the most ardent interest in every effort to train them up in the love of country and of God. The young people of that church of which he was a member found in him their natural leader in all their efforts to rouse their own and others' interest in its growth, and he drew to himself their enthusiastic admiration and affection. He never was too weary after the exhausting professional labors of the day to give an evening to them; and the writer of this article several times has stumbled upon the fact that he had declined many invitations of the most attractive kind in order not to disappoint his young friends, for he was the life and inspiration of all their meetings. This trait of character in one so absorbed in public life was most refreshing and winning, and it showed the deep sweetness of his

nature. He was as simple-hearted as a child, as gentle as a woman, as chivalrous as a knight.

In the picture of him drawn by affection and memory there is another striking feature, and that was his sunny faith and breezy hopefulness. No one interested with him in any common enterprise ever went near him without feeling stronger and more courageous. If with you he believed in any cause, his buoyant faith made you feel that you were bound to win; and it was a great pleasure to have such a spirit as his for a co-worker. And he showed this trait in the darkest hours. His courage rose against disaster as a kite would against the wind, and when things looked black he never threw the blame on his associates; but, stiffening his own resolution, he always put failure or disappointment behind him, and turned a brave, bright, trustful face to the front. Such courage was most contagious, and it was an inspiration to stand with him in any undertaking.

It will be interesting to recall at this point some words of eulogy uttered by Mr. Sullivan at the obsequies of Bayard Taylor, many of

which will be seen by his friends to describe his own character with remarkable exactness:

His voice we shall hear no more. His manly form and character-expressing features remain for memory alone. But there are deeper memories with us of his social qualities: his enthusiasm for his work; his ingenuousness in his own estimate of himself; his sensibility to criticism; his modesty, coupled with independence and dignity; his freedom from pretension; his cool reflection; the fixedness of his principles, yet with toleration and liberality abounding; his freedom from discontent, without grudges against fortune; his constancy and warmth in friendship; his good sense; his pleasure in his work; his courage and enterprise; his love of the arts; his hopefulness; his high aims in existence.

His love of peace has already been mentioned. Coupled with this there always went a passionate devotion to justice; and his aim in his professional career was always to make these two ends meet, by endeavoring, if possible, to settle his cases without the help of judge and jury, so avoiding litigation. He once told a fellow-lawyer that where he tried one case he composed thirty or forty out of court. Truly a noble use of his legal attainments, striving always to earn the blessing of

that most musical of the beatitudes, "Blessed are the peacemakers"! As this same lawyer expressed it in a public tribute to his memory:

> He not only made his profession, with Lord Coke, "the perfection of reason," but, with Howard, the great philanthropist, a road through the higher humanities of life and a "circumnavigation of charity" among his fellow-men.

No picture of Mr. Sullivan would be complete without recalling the many-sidedness of the man. He seemed to "stand four-square to every wind that blew" in this great city. Full of public spirit, with a mind that was hospitable to every great "enterprise of pith and moment," he touched the great life of the metropolis at many and most diverse points. Music, literature, art, and the general civic interests claimed his attention. He was a part of the life of the city, filling a place in it which few men of this generation have filled. The waters of the great heaving ocean close over the stateliest and mightiest vessel, and not a ripple is left on the surface to show where it once rode in proud majesty; the confession that "the place thereof shall know us

no more forever" (a confession so humbling to the pride of man) must be made even of the kingliest spirits of our race; but the men of New-York will not soon forget him whose name stands at the head of this article. For he gave of his strength to the community in such a way that he seemed to belong to it more than many other men who were born here. He was associated intimately with all of its progressive life; and when he died the leading representatives of legal, political, commercial, art, social, and philanthropic circles, and of numerous other departments of interest and effort in this full-lifed city, gathered around his bier to do him reverence, filling the church to overflowing. There was a universal sense of loss; the whole community mourned for one of its first citizens.

Most of that remarkable gathering of the choice spirits of New-York knew Mr. Sullivan, as the distinguished lawyer; the public-spirited citizen; the potent adviser in the inner councils of his political party; the persuasive and versatile popular orator; the charming after-dinner speaker; the delightful raconteur; the social leader; the graceful, genial gentle-

man, treasured by his friends as faultless in all the courtesies of life; a very Mæcenas in his enthusiastic and intelligent patronage of music, of letters, and the arts,— a remarkably many-sided man, *teres atque rotundus.* And yet all these gifts were but the engaging, winning externals of his life; and these representatives of metropolitan activity, who had gathered around his bier in that church which he loved with passionate devotion, were come to the place, which, as we who stood near knew full well, was the outward and stately symbol of that which was the true source and the dearest possession of his life. His springs were in God. His religion was not merely one of many real interests; his loving fear of God, his faith in Jesus Christ (which was of a child-like and ardent type), and his large-hearted love for man — *was his life.* He was always a regular and reverent attendant upon the public worship of God; he joined with contagious heartiness in the hymns of praise and gave the preacher his earnest, sympathetic attention, knowing "the helpfulness of hearing." He was rarely absent from his place in the Sunday-school, and his class of young

boys idolized him as the model of a Christian gentleman. His work for and with the young people of his church has already been alluded to. It was also his practice for many years to visit one of our hospitals every Sunday afternoon, to give the patients words of Christian exhortation and cheer. Beyond this he was not permitted by his full life in the world to take much active part in the ordinary modes of Christian activity. What he did in this way was so quiet and local that many of his friends and admirers, who only knew the other sides of his life, were surprised to learn of the light in which the people of his church regarded him. But none the less was his religion the *controlling* and *formative* element in his life and career. In the frequent conferences which I was privileged to hold with him in behalf of that venerable church which we both wished to serve, he gave me many unexpected glimpses of his nature in his descriptions of his ideals of helpful preaching, and in the plans for the enlargement of our field of usefulness with which his fertile brain was teeming. I was often struck with his deep, sweet, strong, manly spirituality and

his simplicity of faith, and I was always made to feel, as we were considering these interests of Christ's Kingdom in our midst, that we were circling about what was the deep throbbing center of all his many-sided activities.

Without intruding upon the dear sanctities of his household, I may be permitted to tell a little incident (it was almost a daily one) of his home-life. Perhaps his favorite hymn was one of those sung at his funeral: "Art thou weary, art thou languid?" Note by note, with almost boyish persistence, he had picked it out upon the piano; and for many years hardly a day passed without his singing it to himself with his own accompaniment. Often it was the signal to the household that he had come up-town from his work. It was a simple thing; and yet in truth the little habit betrayed the secret of the man's life. The plaintive notes of the familiar hymn at once spoke the yearnings of his own heart, and recalled it to its divine home — the love and care of the great Redeemer. From the strife of courts, from the turmoil of public affairs, from the whirl of social pleasures he always came back, like a tired child, to what after

all and under all was the true center and spring of his life.

Upon the back of a picture of Mr. Sullivan which I treasure among my choicest possessions, a loving hand has written some lines which are so beautifully and accurately descriptive of our friend, that they must have been suggested to the pious Keble by some loving spirit like his:

> Men there are in this loud stunning tide
> Of human care and crime,
> With whom the melodies abide
> Of the everlasting chime;
> Who carry music in their heart
> Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
> Plying their daily task with busier feet,
> Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

Such a man was Mr. Sullivan. The music of true joy and peace sounded in his heart — because his life was thus "hid with Christ in God."

I cannot close this modest sketch without recalling one feature of the funeral exercises which made a profound and lasting impression upon those who were present. I refer to the hymn with which the simple obsequies

concluded. I quote it here, because it is one of those noble modern Anglican lyrics which has only found its way into our more recently compiled hymnals, and many of the readers of *The Evangelist* may not know it:

For all thy saints, who from their labors rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed.
Hallelujah!

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their Light of light.
Hallelujah!

O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Hallelujah!

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.
Hallelujah!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Hallelujah!

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Hallelujah!

But, lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day:
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on his way.
Hallelujah!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Hallelujah!

The funeral exercises began and to some extent of necessity ended in a sad minor strain; for the departure of such a man left a painful vacancy in many lives and enterprises. And yet with this hymn the service seemed to close upon a glad triumphant major key. At first that sorrow-stricken crowd did not have much heart to sing a song of thanksgiving. But we gathered strength and hope and courage with every line of that martial hymn, and its closing verses came from over a thousand throats and hearts, and rolled through the vaulted gothic arches like a very pæan of victory. It was sublime and uplifting, and the service at this point reached the true ideal of a Christian's funeral. I think all present realized very keenly the elements of gladness and triumph in the death of a faithful dis-

ciple; and, as with blinding tears of sorrow we looked into the golden sunset of the life of our friend and hero, joy and thanksgiving made them flow the faster; for we thought that what to us was a going down of the sun was for them upon the other side and for him a rising into a larger and more glorious life. The *heimgang* (as the Germans beautifully name death) of a man of God is not a defeat, but a complete triumph; "thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Therefore we chanted no mournful dirge as about the body of a slain warrior; but we sang a song of victory, which was but the faint far-off earthly echo to that

Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost

which bursts from the lips of "the countless host" of those who have triumphed through "the power of His resurrection." For "the redeemed of the Lord shall return and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head; they shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away." The ear of faith caught the

echo of these heavenly strains, and so, with a song of thanksgiving and of expectation, we bade our friend *auf wiedersehn*.

Such men never die. They live on in lives made better and braver and brighter for their presence. For he went through life doing good and, what was more, *being* good; for that is the tap-root of true doing. When I think of our friend, I often recall that beautiful exhortation of the great Apostle, to which he gave heed as earnestly as any man I ever met:

> Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsover things are of good report; and if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

The serenity of genuine goodness shone like a star in his face. He rarely touched his fellow-men, except to help them and cheer them on to high thinking and noble doing; and this, I would earnestly insist, is the best form of "Christian work." "May his tribe increase."

The contemplation of a character like this may inspire a man to sing as an aspiration

of his life that noble hymn of the poet of Agnosticism (only it is with a fullness of meaning into what, alas, she never seemed to enter; because we set it to the music of the resurrection and so gave efficient motive power to the noble desire for an immortality of influence, by adding to it the sure and blessed hope of a *personal* individual immortality in the fellowship of the Christ of God):

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In lives made better by their presence. So
To live is heaven. . . .
. . . . This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, and be to other souls
That cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense;
So shall I join that choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

First Presbyterian Church,
New-York, Nov. 22, 1888.

Memorial Resolutions.

Court of Common Pleas. Part I.

Proceedings on motion to adjourn out of respect to the memory of ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN.

NEW-YORK, December 5, 1887.

Present: Hon. HENRY WILDER ALLEN, J.

Mr. William J. Curtis, Mr. W. W. Niles, and Mr. Blair spoke in support of the motion.

In ordering the adjournment, Judge Allen said:

The motion which has just been made is very appropriate, and will be granted. Mr. Sullivan was conspicuous for his learning and great charms of character. The tributes which have been paid to his memory by the members of the bar who have just spoken are well deserved. The Court will stand adjourned until to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock.

Court of Common Pleas, Part II.

Proceedings on motion to adjourn out of respect to the memory of ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN.

NEW-YORK, Dec. 5, 1887.

Present: Hon. RICHARD S. LARREMORE, C. J.

At the opening of this Court, Mr. Henry P. Townsend made the following motion:

Out of respect to the memory of ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN, a gentleman well known to all the members of the profession, his character and eminent position at the bar, all of which are elegantly noticed in the newspapers, I respectfully move that the Court do now adjourn.

Mr. N. Quackenbos: I second the motion.

The Court: It is unnecessary on this occasion to attempt anything but a recognition of the propriety of the application just made. A long acquaintance, personal and professional, with Mr. Sullivan has taught us his worth and value to the profession of which he was an honored member. We hope that a suitable opportunity will be afforded when his merits will be presented in a more detailed form which will serve as a lasting record of his past career.

The clerk is directed to enter upon his minutes the motion just made, and the Court will now adjourn.

Court of Common Pleas. Equity.

Proceedings on motion to adjourn out of respect to the memory of ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN.

NEW-YORK, Dec. 5, 1887.

Present: Hon. HENRY W. BOOKSTAVER, J.

Mr. George W. Cotterill moved that the Court adjourn out of respect to the memory of Mr. Algernon S. Sullivan.

Mr. John Clinton Gray seconded the motion.

In ordering the adjournment, Judge Bookstaver said:

Of commanding appearance, kind and frank, he was always welcomed by the Court in any case in which he appeared, because it was felt that his learning, ability, and absolute truthfulness would assist the Court in the trial of any question of law and fact with which it had to deal. He was of great equipoise and absolutely master of himself, so that his life was free from petty bickering or unrest.

Young Men's Democratic Club.

F. R. COUDERT, President.

NEW-YORK, Dec. 19, 1887.

Resolved, that in the death of the late ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN this city has lost one of its most patriotic, public spirited, and useful citizens; the Bar and the law a most upright, eloquent, and able counselor; the club a most conscientious, disinterested, wise, and earnest supporter and member; the Christian community one in whose life is singularly exemplified the truth that the constant consciousness of direct responsibility to God, the creator, is the only adequate and reliable guide and incentive for human conduct.

Resolved, that the community has cause for profound gratitude for such a life as that completed in the death of Mr. Sullivan. Born of most pure and patriotic Christian parentage; educated in the midst of the young, resolute, and inspiring life of the growing West; fitted by natural endowment and by early and thorough study of our Constitution and government for the broadest and most useful activities in his profes-

sion, and as a citizen, his whole career was marked by a love of country which excluded sectionalism and embraced every part of the republic, while his efforts were directed ever to promote and secure the great end of our government, the dignity, independence, and sovereignty of the citizen through local self-government.

Resolved, that the life and career of this eminent citizen and pure patriot furnish an example to the young men of the country which will be held in grateful remembrance and is worthy of all imitation.

Southern Society of the City of New-York.

Memorial meeting to adopt resolutions regarding the death of the late President, Honorable ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN.

Resolved, that in the character of our late President, ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN, the members of the Southern Society recognize all the qualities that give dignity and worth to human nature;

That in his relations with us he ever exhibited himself as the true gentleman, the wise counselor, and the faithful friend;

That the impression of his virtues will abide with us as an incentive and guide to noble conduct, and that we lament his death with the sincere sorrow of tenderly attached and deeply affected hearts.

Ohio Society of New-York.

Special Meeting in Memoriam ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN.

Dec. 6, 1887.

THE Committee reports the following resolutions:

Among those who have cherished with us here the ties of birthplace or of early association, there has been no sweeter or braver spirit than ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN, one of our Vice-Presidents, now removed from us by death. His distinguished eminence, arising from his value to the community at large in his public, professional, and individual relations, and his excellence in all these, have made his active interest from the first in this Society a source of strength to it; while his engaging qualities have made him to us individually the object of affectionate regard. The memory of such a man is precious; and these resolutions shall be entered upon our records in commemoration of his worth.

A copy of them shall also be sent to Mrs. Sullivan in token of our sympathy with her in her affliction.

J. C. ZACHOS.
WAGER SWAYNE.
JAMES Q. HOWARD.
[Seal.] F. C. LOVELAND.
GEO. B. HIBBARD.

(Attest): HOMER LEE, *Secretary.*

New-York Produce Exchange.

Dec. 6, 1887.

AT a meeting of the members of the New-York Produce Exchange held Dec. 6, 1887, relative to the death of ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, the members of the New-York Produce Exchange have heard with sincere regret the melancholy announcement of the death of Algernon S. Sullivan, a public-spirited citizen, a distinguished lawyer, a man of sterling, robust honesty, and

Whereas, the memory of Mr. Sullivan has particular claim to our grateful remembrance, because of the willingness with which he always responded to any demands made upon his talents and time by the officers of this body, and especially in recognition of the dignified, scholarly, and eloquent address delivered by him on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the Exchange; therefore

Resolved, that in the death of Mr. Sullivan we deplore the loss of a gifted scholar, an upright

citizen, a good man, and to his stricken family we offer our deepest sympathy in unstinted measure.

Resolved, that a committee of twenty-five members be appointed to attend the funeral of our deceased friend, and that this preamble and these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Exchange, and a copy thereof suitably engrossed be presented to the family of the deceased.

A. E. ORR, *President.*

[Seal.] THOMAS P. WHITE, *Secretary.*

Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity.

Whereas, our Heavenly Father has removed by death our honored and beloved brother ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN, one of the members of this council, who by his devotion to A Δ Φ during the years of his connection therewith, and by his warm-hearted attachment to the members of that Fraternity with whom he has been personally associated, has in a marked manner won our affection; who as an associate with us in the deliberations of this council has been a wise director of the Fraternity, who by his legal attainments and his marked ability as an advocate has honored the Fraternity he so sincerely loved, and who by his affable manners, his constant urbanity, and his high moral tone has left to us the memory of a man occupying a most enviable position in the community as citizen, lawyer, and friend;

Therefore it is by the Executive Council of the Fraternity

Resolved, that by the death of our brother Algernon S. Sullivan this council and the Fraternity of A Δ Φ have suffered an irreparable loss.

Resolved, that this council do extend to the family of our deceased brother in their bereavement the sympathy of the council.

Resolved, that the community has lost an upright citizen.

Resolved, that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the council, and that a copy thereof be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and that the resolutions be reported by this council to the next annual convention of the A Δ Φ Fraternity.

WM. TALCOTT.
W. B. RANKIN.
B. W. FRANKLIN.

Young People's Association, Presbyterian Church.

THE members of the Young People's Association of the First Presbyterian Church, reverently acknowledging their dependence upon their Heavenly Father, who rules all that is done for human good, desiring to express the emotions with which they have been filled by the sudden death of their beloved President, Mr. ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN, unanimously adopt the following minute:

In the march of his busy life Mr. Sullivan found time to devote himself to the interest of this honored church, to study its welfare and to advance its usefulness, giving fully of his substance and counsels for its benefit. His active, unfailing interest in the Young People's Association was evidenced by the service which he generously gave as its President, and his familiar presence at our meetings; indeed, to his wisdom, ability, counsel, and material assistance we attribute our success as an organization. In his life the members of this association have an

example of a devoted, consistent, exalted Christian character, which will abide with them always as a cheering and guiding light, unobscured and inextinguishable. In his death we sorrowfully part with one whom we have been accustomed to esteem not only for the simplicity and nobility of his mind and abounding sympathy of his nature, but as the embodiment of the qualities of a sincere follower of Christ. His death comes to us all with the shock of a personal affliction, and we shall never cease to mourn his loss.

Our secretary is directed to transmit this expression of the sense of our great bereavement, suitably engrossed, to the family of Mr. Sullivan, and to convey to them the tenderest assurances of our profound sympathy in their affection.

THOMAS E. SATTERTHWAITE,
Vice-President.
HARRY C. PERLEY, *Secretary.*
E. M. BOGERT, *Treasurer.*
LADISLOS KARGE,
CHAS. M. BERGSTRASSER, } *Committee.*
WM. F. HAEMER,

New-York Mercantile Exchange.

Corner Hudson and Harrison Streets.

NEW-YORK, Dec. 26, 1887.

AT a public meeting held upon the floor of the Exchange, December 26, 1887, the following resolutions were adopted:

The New-York Mercantile Exchange, learning with sincere regret of the death of their friend ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN, desire to express their appreciation of him and their sense of the loss which they in common with the community have sustained in his removal. In Mr. Sullivan's character they recognize the honest man, the gentleman. Sensitive and honorable, he was unselfish and generous in his intercourse with his fellows. The sterling citizen, he was courteous to his opponents, faithful to his associates, superior to partisanship, and uncompromising in adherence to truth and duty. Gifted with powers of oratory to sway his listeners, he used them for no mercenary purpose, but only to refine, to elevate society.

The Exchange feels that they owe to Mr. Sullivan a debt of gratitude for distinguished ser-

vices which he gave them without expectation of reward, and which they can now repay only by honoring and revering his memory, and by placing in their archives this, their memorial tribute to his many virtues.

BENJ. WINER, *Chairman.*
M. FOLSOM,
JOHN A. SMITH,
GEO. B. DOUGLAS,
W. L. TEMPLE,
} *Committee.*

New-York College of Music.

Whereas, the Trustees of the New-York College of Music have learned with sorrow of the death of their President, colleague, and friend, Mr. ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN:

Resolved, that in the death of Mr. Sullivan the College of Music loses a man who has befriended it in countless ways from its beginning; whose feelings, strength, and time were always effectually enlisted in its service.

Resolved, that the efforts of Mr. Sullivan contributed greatly to the progress and well-being of this institution.

Resolved, that our relations with the deceased were always marked by a spirit of generous and open-hearted courtesy on his part, and that we deeply mourn his loss.

Resolved, that the Secretary enter these resolutions upon our minutes and send a copy thereof to the family of Mr. Sullivan.

Resolved, that the New-York College of Music be closed during the funeral of Mr. Sullivan, and that the faculty and students be invited to attend the same.

LATHAM G. REED, *Secretary.* ALEX. LAMBERT, *Director.*

Harlem Democratic Club.

13, 15 and 17 East 125th Street.

NEW-YORK, Dec. 21, 1887.

AT a meeting of the Harlem Democratic Club, held Wednesday evening, Dec. 7, the following resolution was offered by the Hon. Chas. W. Dayton, and unanimously carried:

The Harlem Democratic Club has heard with profound sorrow that ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN is dead.

His name is associated with the early history of our organization at a time when his wisdom and eloquence lent their great force to the public announcement of our plans and purposes, a service generously given by him and warmly welcomed by us.

An upright life, a high position at the bar, a courtly manner, a singular charm of person, a nature where amiability and strength of character were perfectly combined, all served to make him one of the most attractive and influential orators of our time.

His devotion to the principles of true Democracy was pronounced and recognized, and his

unselfish endeavors for the good of this country gave added force to his labors and brilliant utterances as a patriot with whom politics was a duty.

His example should be emulated and his fame dearly cherished.

Resolved, that a copy of the foregoing be duly attested and transmitted with our condolences to Mr. Sullivan's family.

JOSEPH J. CASEY, *Secretary.*
J. R. MCNALTY, *President.*

American Savings Bank.

501 Fifth Avenue.

NEW-YORK, January 9, 1888.

DEAR MADAM:

With deep sympathy in your recent affliction we beg, at the request of all the Trustees of the American Savings Bank, to send you the following copy of a preamble and resolution adopted at their last meeting, namely:

Whereas, it has pleased the Almighty to remove by death from among us one of our associates, the late Hon. ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN,

Resolved, that we, the Trustees of the American Savings Bank, desire to record the great loss we feel in being deprived of his wise counsel and willing assistance in the management of this institution, and to express the high estimation in which we held him on account of his sound judgment and sterling integrity, which were always combined with the kindly and courteous manners of the true gentleman.

With great respect, we remain, madam,

Your obedient servants,

DANIEL T. HOAG, *President.*
GRANVILLE B. SMITH, *Treasurer.*
WM. IRWIN, *Secretary and Counsel.*

To Mrs. ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN.

Jewelers' Security Alliance.

AT a special meeting of the Executive Committee of the Jewelers' Security Alliance, held Dec. 7, 1887, the following preamble and resolutions were read and unanimously adopted:

Whereas, in the providence of God ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN, late counsel of this Alliance, having been suddenly removed by death, and

Whereas, his faithful services as legal counselor of the Alliance and his devoted interest to its affairs from the date of its organization to the present time should have befitting acknowledgment, now therefore be it

Resolved, that by the decease of its late counsel, Hon. Algernon S. Sullivan, the Jewelers' Security Alliance has lost a most able, earnest, and faithful administrator of its affairs, who was endeared to the associate officers by many ties of friendship growing out of long acquaintance, and a just appreciation of his sterling integrity and noble qualities.

Resolved, that this Board attend the funeral services in a body, and that a copy of the proceedings of this meeting be prepared by the secretary and forwarded to the family of the deceased.

New-York Jewelers' Board of Trade.

MRS. ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN AND FAMILY.

At a meeting of the board of directors of the New-York Jewelers' Board of Trade, held on Tuesday, Dec. 13, 1887, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, the Almighty has in his infinite wisdom seen fit to remove from our midst our late respected counselor and friend, the Hon. ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN, we deem this a proper time to express our feelings of sorrow and regret at the untimely ending of a useful and honorable life; therefore be it

Resolved, that we hereby tender to his bereaved family our sincere sympathy and condolence in this their hour of affliction.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and the same entered upon the minutes of this Board.

F. H. RICHARDSON, *President.*

(Attest): H. M. CONDIT, *Secretary.*

Veterans of the Seventy-First Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y.

HEADQUARTERS 71ST REGIMENT ARMORY,
NEW-YORK, Dec. 21, 1887.

MY DEAR MADAM:

At the meeting of the Association when the moment came to take action upon the death of our honorary member, the formal resolutions which it is customary to pass seemed to us one and all to give no expression to the general feeling, and one of our members arose and said, "Commander, I feel that no resolutions we could pass would give voice to the deep feeling Mr. Sullivan's death has stirred among us. One of our comrades has gone, one who has always given us his cheerful aid and countenance in all our doings. He gave us aid and counsel in anything proposed for the general welfare and pleasure. He helped us care for our sick, bury our dead, and succor the widow and orphans. He was our friend and comrade, one of us, and I beg you, Sir, to write in kind words our sympathy and sorrow which no formal resolutions can tell."

Sincerely yours,
CHAS. F. HOMER,
Col. 71st Regt. Veterans.

To Mrs. A. S. SULLIVAN.

Extracts from Memorial Addresses.

As my object has been to preserve a picture of my father in his daily life of work among men, I have limited myself to the expression made through the press, or by memorial resolutions passed at the time of his death. I have included in this memorial but three of the many valued private letters received by my mother and myself at that time.

G. H. S.

NO word of praise can warm the heart now stilled in death; but we have felt that you would desire formally but lovingly to place upon the records of our Society such resolutions as might be dictated alike by our affection for the man and our admiration for his exalted character.

Mr. Sullivan was indeed a remarkable man. Possessed of extraordinary ability and great

strength of will, he fought his way to the first rank in his profession. Genial, gentle, dignified, courteous, he became one of the most prominent figures in the social life of this great city, where gather the brightest, most cultured, and distinguished people of the entire country. Brilliant, gifted by nature with a voice, the sentiments and graces of an orator, he won a lasting reputation as a great public speaker. Generous and open hearted, his purse, his advice, his services, and his sympathies were ever at the command of the poor and the suffering. His tongue and his pen, his time and his brain, he freely gave to the service of mankind. No narrow spirit ruled his actions. In every sphere of life, in public and in private, he was always the liberal, broad-minded Christian and gentleman.

JOHN C. CALHOUN,
At a Memorial Meeting of the New-York Southern Society, Dec. 13, 1887.

OF the virtues that entitle to affection and esteem, Mr. Sullivan's character was a conspicuous illustration. That bland and beaming countenance which conciliated at once the regard of casual acquaintance, was but the revelation of a spirit instinct and overflowing with every gentle and kindly feeling.

The amenity of manner which distinguished him was the involuntary and unconscious effusion of a heart throbbing in responsive sympathy with all human gladness and sorrow. . . No man was ever a more faithful and steadfast friend.

From the eminence to which his abilities and virtues had enabled him to attain at the bar and in society, he eagerly stooped to lend a helping hand to the unfortunate and forlorn; and many are the hearts that mourn in his death the loss of their best benefactor.

ROGER A. PRYOR,

At a Memorial Meeting of the New-York Southern Society, Dec. 13, 1887.

IT rarely falls to the lot of man to so compass the battle of life, that after threescore years of arduous service he may lay aside his armor untouched by a single shaft of envy, hatred, or malice and come to his rest not only with the record of a life well spent, but with every page of that record stamped with the good-will and affection of his fellow-men. The memory of such a man are we honored in commemorating to-night.

Of all the qualities of head and heart which unite to form a man, those are always the most attractive and the most enduring in their effect

on human action which develop the arts of graciousness and conciliation, the arts by which men are drawn together and endeared to one another, under which virtue grows by communication, and from which as illustrated in the life and character of our departed friend there springs that noblest of all human impulses, the pleasure which waits on charity.

HUGH R. GARDEN,

At a Memorial Meeting of the New-York Southern Society, Dec. 13, 1887.

. . . AS a private citizen, public official, and professional man, he adorned his every station. His voice was ever strong in the right and his arm ever lifted in the defense of the oppressed. A man whose many public and private virtues endeared him to the people of this city, and who closed his day of life with a glorious sunset.

CHARLES G. WILSON,

At a Memorial Meeting of the New-York Southern Society, Dec. 13, 1887.

OF handsome countenance and graceful bearing and considerate courtesy, with a fine vocabulary and happy phraseology, he needed but his great sympathy with humanity and enthusiasm for carrying out all good aims to make him what

he was, a natural orator. It was this sympathy and enthusiasm of his that made him so ready an orator. None more ready; none more felicitous.

I think it was when the corner-stone of the Produce Exchange in this city was laid, that on an hour's notice he delivered the principal address — a capital oration.

As an advocate before jury and court, in addition to his eloquence and grace of diction, his fairness and candor of manner and of thinking made him powerful. As a counselor his extensive learning, his wide experience of men, and his ability to put himself in the place of his adversary, of the judge, of the jury, and so judge of the probable reception and adjudication of a case, made him a strong arm to lean upon.

As a prosecuting officer, I know that in him justice was tempered with mercy. As an elder brother in the law, I and many another younger lawyer are under great obligations to him for his unselfish counsel and aid during the earlier years of our professional life.

To how many of the weak and suffering has he in many ways brought succor! I remember how years ago in the evening, when his own work was done and his not too strong frame required rest, his house was frequented by per-

sons in distress who needed counsel, and there received it without price. For with him the getting of money was not the chief object of living.

In religion, in politics, in thought and feeling his catholicity was apparent throughout; his prejudices seemed to be held in check by his candid appreciation of the causes bringing about the mental results shown in the diverse opinions of others.

The curtain hangs undrawn by me over the sacred portals of his home — a home of singular felicity. It seems to me that the tone that can be found throughout his whole life is that of charity; of charity, as the word should have been translated from the Greek; of love, of love for his fellow-men. He loved all men. All men loved him.

How appropriate, then, to the character of our departed friend are these fine lines of Leigh Hunt:

Abou Ben Adhem, may his tribe increase!
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision rais'd its head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" asked Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

ANSON MALTBY,

At a Memorial Meeting of the New-York Southern Society, Dec. 13, 1887.

MR. SULLIVAN devoted all his energies to the law, and never failed to impress his learning and logical acumen upon the court in banc, where the abstruse principles of the profession alone count. His talents were both powerful from nature and not meanly cultivated in letters, especially in the science of the law.

Before juries, where the eloquence of the heart has larger play, he was a ready, effective, and eloquent advocate, and won high reputation for forensic powers among the foremost members of an exceptionally brilliant bar. But it was as a citizen of the world at large that Mr. Sullivan was on very many accounts one of the most memorable men of his time. Public spirit, the life of patriotism, the soul of commonwealths, was never dormant in his bosom, but burned there in a steady flame.

. . . I have seen Mr. Sullivan emerge on a sudden from a stormy political meeting, where the passions of men were lashed into wild excitement, and enter forthwith into a refined and exclusive circle of ladies and gentlemen, where the courtly manners which so distinguished him everywhere were brought into instant play.

I heard him, for he insisted on my going with him, on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion address with all the ease and elegance of Chesterfield, the leading personage in the room; bore a message to him, took one back from him most impressively delivered; returned to the meeting to announce it, and once more Algernon S. Sullivan was the strong and aggressive, masculine, rough-and-ready orator in the commune, quelling the passions of the multitude and winning them over to harmony and peace.

The occasion to which I refer was the night of the Presidential election of 1876, when the largest meeting I have attended, even in this city of monster meetings, sent Mr. Sullivan to wait on Mr. Tilden to take counsel of that statesman in a moment of supreme national peril. In less discreet hands a crisis might have been precipitated whose consequences no man could foresee, but Mr. Sullivan, responding to the earnest appeal of Mr. Tilden, poured oil on the troubled

waters, and New-York, which seemed that night to be rocked in the throes of a rising revolution, was restored to its wonted calm. . .

If at his departure from this life Mr. Sullivan had only been the learned and successful lawyer that he was, the champion of the down-trodden, the promoter and almoner of public and private charities, the lover and patron of music, painting, and the drama, the center of a great and astonishing variety of charitable societies, many of which, the main-spring gone, may become dissipated by his death, even then this favorite son of New-York would have challenged the admiration of this great city, and his name and his deeds would be recorded among the chosen ones in her annals; but, when to his talents and to his versatility, which rose to the level of genius, are added the virtues of the man, the warmth of his heart, the sweetness of his temper, that combination of almost perfect character, the measure of our loss may be gauged, the cause of our sorrow may be understood.

Hon. J. FAIRFAX MCLAUGHLIN,

At a Memorial Meeting of the New-York Southern Society, Dec. 13, 1887.

THERE are few men in this community for whom I had a greater affection, and not one for whose character I had a greater respect.

I opened the New-York *Sun* and found there an admirable wood-cut of his beloved face, and I said to myself, "There! Sullivan has done another good thing, and the city is ringing with it!" but, alas! on looking further down the column I was shocked to see the announcement of his death.

The very first case that I had, I believe, after I came to New-York, came to me in this wise: An old clergyman from Mobile, whence I had just come, found a young Southern man, who had gone wrong in a very peculiar way, in the Tombs. He had embezzled some money, and, singularly enough, had spent almost all of it for the Sunday-school and in doing all sorts of religious work; and this old clergyman came to see me about the matter. I knew nothing in the world about criminal law, especially as practiced in the State of New-York, and I asked Mr. Sullivan to help me. The young man turned over to us all the property that he had left, and instructed us to take out our fees and turn the balance over to his late employers. We did what we could for him, got a small sentence, the best that we could do; and I said to Mr. Sullivan, "What shall we do with this property?" "Why, we will turn it over to the employers, of course. Neither one of us will touch a cent of it." This

was my first experience with him, and he worked on that case as if he were going to get an enormous fee and an immense amount of honor — all for the love of this poor stranded Southerner, and for a love of humanity generally.

And so all through my acquaintance with him, his singleness of purpose, his gentle Christian life, was a model to every man with whom he came in contact.

HUGH L. COLE,

At a Memorial Meeting of the New-York Southern Society, Dec. 13, 1887.

I HAVE known our deceased President for a great while. I knew his father in Madison, Indiana, and after he had withdrawn from the bench of one of the Superior courts he was my counsel in a case I had there. He was a man universally beloved; who respected the simple Christian life and character; who died lamented by the whole community. The son followed the example of the father.

I assume that he was not a man rich in this world's goods, but he had a wealth of brilliant intellect and of nobility of character that money cannot purchase, and that nothing but death can take away.

He was always ready to contribute his valuable

time and his brilliant talents to every cause of deliverance and every undertaking of patriotism. It is a pity that such men should die; it is a calamity that they should die; it is a public calamity that they should be stricken down in the very strength of their manhood and in the highest pinnacle of their usefulness.

DR. NORVIN GREEN,

At a Memorial Meeting of the New-York Southern Society, Dec. 13, 1887.

HE was one of the brightest and best of our Society. A better man is not to be found in this splendid metropolis.

On last Wednesday night, one week ago, I dined with him in a party of twenty gentlemen at Delmonico's. He never was more full of life or in higher spirits. He made a thoughtful speech, and towards the end of the evening sang a song with improvisations between the verses, charmingly hitting off traits of the other guests. It was as genial and often as witty a bit of fun as Goldsmith's Retaliation.

One short week ago; and now he lies dead! But, gentlemen, he was ready to go. And after all it matters little when we die, though it matters much how we live and what example we leave behind us.

How can any of us hope to do better than he? How few of us can expect to do as well!

As I think of him now, I know not which most to admire, his genial temper, his generous heart, his brilliant intellect, his simple and sterling character, or his Christian life and example.

He came to New-York from Cincinnati in his early prime, ambitious for wealth and fame. He came where wealth and reputation are added to those who bring both, but are rarely won by the honest effort of strangers who enter the stern struggle with neither.

He had no adventitious help, no powerful friends, but worked his way up by patient and self-reliant industry and frugality, growing each year in public respect and confidence until he stood in the front rank at the bar and in all the walks of life.

He was cut off without warning in mid-career. What better could he have done had he been given time to get ready? Nothing. He lived his life as he went along — from day to day. And now, looking back over it, all who knew him unite in words of love and admiration. There are none to damn with faint praise, or to keep a discreet silence, or to intimate faults in his character or conduct. All know him to have been uncorrupted and incorruptible, a Christian

gentleman, whose brilliant and beautiful life is a happy memory to his friends, and a priceless heritage to his wife and child.

Gen. THOMAS EWING,

At Special Meeting of the Ohio Society, Dec. 6, 1887.

IT was my good fortune to know Mr. Sullivan well for many years. Our lives touched socially and professionally at many points. His personal character inspired me with warm regard and attachment and his intellectual qualities with sincere admiration. Few men whom I have ever known in our profession of the law or in any other possessed such roundness or completeness of culture, or such equal and well-adjusted intellectual powers. In his work there was such readiness, versatility, smoothness, and ease, so little apparent effort or labor that one hardly realized the strength and force of the man, like a perfect machine, whose parts are so well adjusted and adapted that it works and wields its great force without noise or wearing friction, and without always adequately impressing the beholder. On the platform he was peculiarly attractive and effective. He was tall, well proportioned in form, handsome of face, graceful in movement and gesture, and of a most winning manner and presence. His voice was full, pene-

trating, and musical, and had in it that sympathetic and magnetic quality without which no man can be truly eloquent, and which has that mysterious power of carrying the feeling and meaning in the heart of the speaker to the hearts of his hearers almost without words.

Both as a writer and speaker he had a most pure style, was a master of good English, and his words had in them those qualities possessed only by cultured minds and pure, strong natures — directness, simplicity, and vivid reality.

Of his place and achievements at the Bar it is not my purpose here and now to speak. It is sufficient to say that, coming here from a Western State nearly a quarter of a century ago, he very soon made his place in the front rank of the profession, and was quickly recognized as among the ablest of the great lawyers of the State. That place he maintained, his fame as a great advocate and lawyer growing brighter and stronger until he passed from us and death made for him another life.

There is another phase of his character, however, which it seems fitting and proper we should recall. It is not too much to say, I think, that there was no man in this great city who did more for the poor than Algernon S. Sullivan. Of him how pertinent and true are the words of Horace Mann:

"The soul of the truly benevolent man does not seem to reside much in its own body. Its life to a great extent is a mere reflex of the lives of others. It migrates into their bodies and identifies its existence with their existence, finds its own happiness in increasing and prolonging their pleasures, in extinguishing or solacing their pains."

There was no organized movement in this great city for the alleviation of suffering, for help and succor to earth's unfortunates, which did not receive his warm, strong sympathy and his efficient aid. It was known of all the good men and good women how ready he was to do all in his power to help forward any good work, and so it came about that when an effort was to be made to organize some charitable movement, to enlist and arouse the people in behalf of some good cause, to relieve suffering, to drive out vice, to lift up the fallen, Mr. Sullivan was expected and was there, always found leading, giving expression and direction to the effort.

In appealing to the people in such a cause, how eloquent, how pathetic he was, what sympathetic, what pleading, what tender tones in that musical voice as he told of the long hours of toil, the dark days of sickness, the endless misfortunes and voiceless sufferings of the poor and the unfortunate! He kept himself poor by his giving, and he wore his life away in this striving to help his fellow-man. His great

powers of mind and heart were ever at their best in this work. Of him, how true it was, "God uses us to help each other, so lending our minds out."

In the death of Algernon S. Sullivan a great mind richly stored, a knightly soul aiming ever at highest achievement, a warm, strong, sympathetic human heart passed from among us, and we bow our heads in mourning.

Gen. H. L. BURNETT,

At Special Meeting of the Ohio Society, Dec. 6, 1887.

THERE has been and is such a deep sense of personal loss by the bar as well as by the general community that ordinary forms of expression seem too commonplace for such a rare and peculiar example. The bench adjourned with record of its regard, the bar attended his obsequies, and everywhere, on the street and in the court, now speak of his loss as that of a personal friend; the press of all political shades lavished its space, and for the first time within my knowledge were in accord on a common subject. The great exchanges and societies tried to tell their sorrow in fitting resolutions, and met at his funeral through their most distinguished representatives. Business men everywhere praised his virtues, and his intimates and clients were not ashamed to

weep. The city lowered its flags, and its most honored citizens were the bearers of his dear remains.

We loved, idolized him so much, that it seems to us but natural to find in him something to admire and esteem, but is it not, after all, remarkable that from all classes and all parts of the country, even from persons who were but slightly acquainted with him, there should come the expression of such grief as is generally evoked by the loss of kin only?

Although one of the greatest he was one of the simplest of men, with no vulgar aims, and with an unswerving faith in God and human kind. He was the purest, sweetest, wisest man of his time. For nearly fifteen years I have been looking daily into his heart, and during all those years and under the thousand temptations of a busy life, professional, social, political, I never found there even remotest approach to sin. Not an unkind or harsh word to any human being, not a falsehood, not a bitter thing, not a profane or indelicate thought ever passed those lips. Always gracious and altogether lovely; putting aside, not putting forward, his own great personality; reaching out both hands in constant helpfulness to men.

This is not the tribute of affection, nor its

exaggeration; I mean my thoughts to be literally and exactly taken.

Of whom else, man or woman, in all this world could this be honestly witnessed? Unlike most great men, he grew greater the nearer we approached him. These qualities were stamped by God on his noble face and were shown in every act of his daily life, so that all men who met him went away somehow refreshed and ennobled. Such a life cannot be phrased, it can only be loved; such a life cannot die; such an influence is more potent than man himself.

WM. NELSON CROMWELL,

Extract from Letter, Jan. 1, 1888.

FEW men whom I have known in this city during the last twenty-five years have been as willing to forego their private interests and convenience in order to contribute counsel, efforts, and means to advance the public good as he. His example remains to us, and well will it be for our country, State, and city, if those who shall follow him in the ranks of this great profession shall be equally constant in anxiety and effort for the public good. Henceforth, those who stand for and labor in this cause against all comers in this great city, at the sacrifice of private interest, and if need be partisan affilia-

tion, will miss from their active number one of the most constant and able, Algernon S. Sullivan. May this loss be in some measure compensated by such devotion to the public interest in the younger members of the bar as his example cannot fail to inspire.

O. B. POTTER,

At Memorial Meeting of the Young Men's Democratic Club of New-York, Dec. 19, 1887.

MR. SULLIVAN'S life, both professional and private, was an exemplar. His excellent qualities of mind and heart were so fittingly blended that he became a lawyer instinctively, whose paramount consideration was the right and justice of the cause that he was called upon to espouse.

Professional ambition, vanity, or emolument were powerless to obscure his vision in this regard. As an advocate he was gifted with a fluency and clearness of expression, which, combined with a vivid imagination, took the form of eloquence when he addressed himself to audience or jury. But facility of expression never betrayed him into weakness of logic. It was impossible to come in contact with him without being impressed by the candor and fairness of

his character. As an associate in professional life his conduct was marked by such an extreme unselfishness towards his brother lawyer that the utmost harmony prevailed, and the latter felt that he had gained a disinterested friend. In meeting him as an adversary one could not but be impressed by his urbanity, his fairness; and even defeat at his hands was deprived of its sting. As a citizen he was universally esteemed, and was regarded as the type of the true American gentleman.

I therefore suggest that the minutes of this Court bear witness to the respect for the memory of one whom we so delight to honor, and that the Court do now adjourn in token of our bereavement.

G. W. COTTERILL,

On Motion to adjourn the Court of Common Pleas, Dec. 5, 1887.

MAY it please your Honor, the public press of this morning has brought to our notice the sad and very sudden news of the death of a gentleman who has been for upwards of twenty years a very prominent member of the New-York Bar. It would be perhaps more fitting that the fact should be called to the attention of the Court by some gentleman of more mature years or longer

practice at the Bar than myself; but an intimate and very close association in the office of Mr. Sullivan upwards of seven years seemed to make it fitting that I should say a word here at this time in commemoration of him.

I knew him as a man, as a father, as a citizen, and as a lawyer. As a father he was tender and loving, considerate and true. As a man he was always unostentatious; he was always considerate of the feelings of others; he was warm in his greeting, and democratic in his ideas. His greetings to the messenger boy in his office were as courteous and thoughtful and as considerate as to the most distinguished citizen of our city. For seven years of his life, although I saw him almost daily during that time, I never heard a harsh, unkind or inconsiderate or intemperate word pass his lips regarding any person or any thing. He was an ideal Christian gentleman. He was tolerant in his ideas, gentle and liberal in his views although of the Evangelical faith, and treated the feelings and convictions of others with respect. As a public citizen he always desired to do his duty in every respect. He was governed by the highest ideals. As a lawyer he was perhaps best known by his forensic ability; but it was not in that line that I most admired him. Knowing him as I did in the confidence

of his office I admired him most because of his wise and judicious counsel; because of his sympathy for those in adversity; because of the confidence and trust reposed in him by his clients. There was that existing between him and his client which was almost an ideal relation. Their cause was his cause and their successes were his successes; he made them his own, and he therefore entered into his work with the most serious convictions and feelings. As a lawyer he perhaps was not looked upon as combative or litigious; but still he had a very strong will and a very strong character under that unassuming and unostentatious presence, and a moral courage which was possessed to a greater degree by no one, so far as I know, at the Bar. I very well remember of his telling me in the lull of business one afternoon of his experience a great many years ago, when the souls of men were so tried during the war, when he was made conspicuous by his arrest when he was called upon to defend the owners of a rebel blockade-runner that was under the control of the Confederate government. He was called upon by the Attorney-General of the Confederate government to defend them in this matter. His motives were misunderstood, and he was arrested and cast into prison without trial and without exami-

nation. He was afterwards released and attended court to defend his clients. He was called upon by many members of the Bar, some distinguished and learned men; he was told: "Sullivan, you must not stand here and defend these gentlemen; your life is in danger; you cannot reach your home in safety if you do." His simple, true, and ingenuous reply was, "But I am retained as their attorney." "That does n't make any difference; you must not sacrifice your life, or injure your life in their interest." He said, "That is a consideration which I as a lawyer cannot entertain; if my clients do not desire to avail themselves of my services they can excuse me and employ some one else; but if they insist upon my representing them, I as a man and as a lawyer must stand and do my duty." And he did his duty at the request of his clients even in the face of danger. That is, I say, an indication of his moral courage. His was a beautiful character; I know of no more lovely.

It is not the proper time or place to expand upon his virtues which crowd upon me, but I knew him so many years that I am very glad to stand here and pay this simple tribute to his memory. Well it might be said in the language of Bacon, "He moved in charity, rested in Providence, and turned upon the poles of truth." I now

desire to make the appropriate motion that this court stand adjourned until to-morrow morning in memory of Mr. Sullivan.

WILLIAM J. CURTIS,

On motion to adjourn the Court of Common Pleas, Dec. 5, 1887.

THE progress of this world and the course of the Divine Providence seem to me that the best respect we can pay to the memory of an active and diligent man when he has passed out of his environments here, is that we should go right on and complete the work that he has left for us. But the course of habit and the sense of the people through all time has been that when one passes off from this stage of existence they should toll the bell, which I understand to mean that we should go slow; that we should stop and think a moment; and it seems to have become rooted in the practice of the bar and the courts that the appropriate way to pay respect to the memory of one who has been prominent and active, who has done something to help on the progress of the human race, and especially who has done it in a kindly and gentle spirit — the best way to pay respect to his memory is to stop the whirl and swirl of business and think of it. If that is the true way, there is no more appro-

priate occasion for doing that than this. I had the honor of knowing Mr. Sullivan for a good while; at the bar he was diligent, intelligent, and faithful. In society by his gentle and happy temper he secured the respect of people, and by his thorough kindness he secured the love of his friends in the smaller circles. When although as a rule the dropping out of any one man from this world amounts to nothing, it is like a drop of water in the ocean, yet for the encouragement of his fellows, and particularly for the encouragement of the young men who are following on in his footsteps, it is well that it should be seen that people take notice of the passage of such a man. I therefore, without attempting to enlarge upon his virtues or occupy the time on this occasion, second the motion that we do now adjourn.

W. W. NILES,

On motion to adjourn the Court of Common Pleas, Dec. 5, 1887.

THIS is the first time that I have had the privilege of speaking upon the occasion of the announcement of the death of a fellow-member of the bar. I shall not occupy much time; I only desire the opportunity to lay here a slight token to his memory, and to say that in all my experience at the bar I have never met any man whom

it seemed to me I could more safely point out to all the younger members of the profession as a model; whom I could more fully commend as such, than this one, our brother who has gone. I had the privilege for many years of knowing him intimately. My acquaintance with him began during his occupancy of positions of trust in the District Attorney's office, and it has continued ever since I came to know him; and the feeling has become one almost akin to brotherhood. I knew him at the bar, and recognized in him so many qualities that go to make up a lovely character; and I am doing but scant justice to my feelings as a member of this bar in seconding the motion.

B. F. Blair,

On motion to adjourn the Court of Common Pleas, Dec. 5, 1887.

Extracts from Newspapers.

New-York Times.

December 5, 1887.

THE announcement that ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN is dead will prove a great shock and a cause of honest regret not only to his friends and acquaintances, who are many, but to the public at large, for he was looked upon as a man of great ability, of a kindness of heart that could not be measured, of a never-ending desire to promote such projects as were for the benefit of the people, and more than all, he was considered a politician who was absolutely pure.

New-York Tribune.

December 5, 1887.

MR. ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN was an active man and prominent in all phases of social life. He was the President of the Southern Society, a

Vice-President of the Ohio Society, a member of the Lawyers' Down Town Club and the Manhattan Club; he was the honorary President of the New-York College of Music, a Director of the Presbyterian Hospital, and a Trustee of the First Presbyterian Church at Fifth Avenue and 11th Street. He was a teacher in the first Presbyterian Sunday School, and active in many branches of the Church's work.

His pleasant, kindly ways were known to all with whom he came in contact.

New-York Herald.

December 5, 1887.

MR. ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN was for many years one of the best known figures in New-York. A leader at the bar, a leader in politics, a leader in society, he was known far and wide as a gifted orator, and his tall, spare figure was familiar to most New-Yorkers. His strong, clear-cut features, his gleaming dark eyes, his short, snow-white mustache, his large head fringed with closely cropped white hair, and his scrupulous neatness of attire were known to nearly everybody in this city. His manner was ordinarily mild and affable and his words slow, precise, and very distinct.

New-York Sun.

December 5, 1887.

MR. ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN'S death removed a gracious and unique figure from metropolitan life. He was a lawyer by profession, but by taste was more devoted to music, art, and society than to the dry path of a legal career. In the latter he was painstaking, thorough, and above all, courteous and eloquent. His voice was musical and melodious like his name. Tall, slender, and graceful in figure, with silvery hair, closely trimmed mustache, he attracted attention wherever he appeared in public; in court or on the public platform, where he was heard as well as seen, he held this attention by the felicity of his language and his earnestness and apparent candor and frankness.

New-York Morning Journal.

December 5, 1887.

THE news of the death of the prominent lawyer spread over the city in an incredibly short space and everywhere men looked sad as they listened, for few men were so well known and so well beloved.

Mr. Sullivan was to have delivered an address before the Sabbath Commissioners, one of whom he was, but his illness prevented. He was a thoroughly religious man, and with the Rev. Dr. Crosby, and others, strenuously advocated the enforcing of the Sunday laws.

New-York Graphic.

December 5, 1887.

THE death of ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN removes from New-York society one of the most amiable and lovable characters that embellished public life for many years.

Manful in all his ways and methods, clear headed, big brained, and widely read in all the realms of literature, he was as tender-hearted as a child and as gentle as a woman.

His law practice at an early age of his career in this city was in the criminal courts, but he soon withdrew from that uncongenial field and devoted himself to the lines of civil procedure.

As a public speaker he had few superiors in this city, and as a whole-souled friend to struggling genius in all ranks of life, there was no man who did more with his means than the white-haired, stalwart lawyer, who died at his home in West 11th Street last night. . .

In the Court of General Sessions this afternoon, on motion of Mr. Delancey Nicoll, the Court ordered a minute entered expressive of the regret felt at Mr. Sullivan's death.

In the Court of Common Pleas eulogistic remarks were made by Chief Justice Larremore and Judges Bookstaver and Allen. Appropriate minutes were made upon motions by H. B. Townsend, N. Quackenboss, George W. Cottrell, and John Clinton Gray.

Mr. Sullivan's death was a great shock to the profession, many of whom had seen him only a few days since.

New-York Evening Post.

TRIBUTES TO HIS MEMORY IN COURT.

December 5, 1887.

IN Part Second of the Court of General Sessions this morning, Assistant District Attorney Nicoll addressed Judge Cowing, who was presiding, and said he had a motion to make which may be deemed appropriate. Continuing, Mr. Nicoll said: "We were all greatly surprised this morning at the announcement of the death of a well-known member of the bar and an officer of this Court, one who enjoyed the confidence and respect and love of the entire com-

munity. I need scarcely say I refer to Mr. ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN, who came to this city many years ago, bringing with him an enviable reputation as an orator and as a lawyer.

"He was the trusted Assistant District Attorney of Garvin, and afterwards filled the office of Public Administrator. He was a man whose character shed luster on his profession, and his death is a calamity to this community.

"I therefore move that an appropriate minute be made upon the records of this Court in recognition of his services and as a mark of respect for his character."

"Judge Cowing: The motion made by Mr. Nicoll is one that is eminently proper. I knew Mr. Sullivan well. He was an able lawyer and a kind-hearted gentleman, who was beloved by the whole community. He passed away very suddenly. It seems but as yesterday that I met him on Broadway and shook him by the hand; that was only a few days ago, and he seemed in the best of health.

"An appropriate minute will be entered on the records of this Court in recognition of his services both as a member of the bar and an officer of the court."

All the branches of the Court of Common Pleas were adjourned to-day on account of the

death of Algernon S. Sullivan. Motions were made for the adjournment by H. P. Townsend, Edward N. Quackenboss, George W. Cottrell, and John Clinton Gray. In granting the motions, Chief Justice Larremore and Judges Bookstaver and Allen made appropriate remarks. Judge Larremore testified to a strong personal friendship with Mr. Sullivan, and Judge Bookstaver feelingly referred to the eulogy on Aaron J. Vanderpool delivered a few weeks ago before him by Mr. Sullivan, who was then in excellent health.

New-York Mail and Express.

December 5, 1887.

THE news of the death of Mr. ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN comes as a sad surprise to those who knew him best, for it was but a few days since he was one of the conspicuous figures at the annual Chamber of Commerce dinner, and looked as though he might last for twenty years more of high and noble activities.

Mr. Sullivan will be greatly missed in many large circles, professional, social, artistic, and religious. He was always ready to lend the aid of his quick and tender Christian sensibilities and sympathies, and he was a cheerful and

enthusiastic helpful power in many different quarters.

Mr. Sullivan was very earnest, decided, and outspoken in his convictions, whether political, religious, or otherwise, but his invariable courtesy and carefulness of statement, his clear appreciation of the rights of other men to opinions opposed to his own, and his genial manner captured the confidence and won the good will of his bitterest political and professional opponents.

New-York Commercial Advertiser.

December 5, 1887.

MR. SULLIVAN stood in the front rank of his profession in this city. He was at one time Public Administrator. As a public speaker with a felicitous diction and graceful presence he had few peers at the bar; but his popularity was even greater than his shining abilities. Although he was in no sense a politician, he was a public-spirited man and took the keenest interest in the economic questions of the day.

In the earlier part of the summer he spoke at the opening of the Consolidated Exchange, warning his hearers against the growing power of Trust combinations.

Mr. Sullivan was a gentleman with manners of the old school, but at the same time was one of the most democratic of men.

New-York News.

December 5, 1887.

THE news of Mr. SULLIVAN'S death, the well-known lawyer, was received with expressions of sorrow throughout the city. Few men were better known or more highly respected than he. At no time during his busy life did he consider that he could not devote a portion of his time to charitable objects.

The remains were to-day placed in the front parlor of his residence No. 16 West 11th Street, and only a few of the most intimate friends of the family were permitted to look at him. All day long carriages rolled up to the residence bearing relatives and friends who called to tender their sympathy, and many simply sent in their cards or brief notes of condolence, and a large number of dispatches were received from out-of-town friends.

A large number of lawyers and friends have called during the day to express their sympathy.

Boston Globe.

December 5, 1887.

ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN, one of New-York's best-known lawyers, is dead. The announcement will prove a great shock not only to his friends, who are many, but to the public at large, for he was looked upon as a man of great ability, of a kindness of heart that could not be measured, of a never-ending desire to promote such projects as were for the benefit of the people, and more than all, he was considered a politician who was absolutely pure.

Boston Journal.

December 5, 1887.

MR. ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN, age 60, died suddenly at his home in New-York last evening. He was a prominent Democrat and one of the best-known men in that city.

New-York Tribune.

December 6, 1887.

THE death of ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN will be very sincerely regretted by all who knew that honorable and upright citizen. Always genial

and courteous in his demeanor, an effective orator, whether pleading at the bar or entertaining a social gathering, a true and sympathizing friend, he was well fitted to be a universal favorite. Everybody liked him, and his loss will be felt in his profession and in the many circles in which he moved.

Mr. Sullivan was a man of large benevolence, and many who were the recipients of his favor will especially deplore his unexpected demise. His death is indeed a public loss.

New-York World.

December 6, 1887.

THERE is a universal feeling of sadness prevailing in this city over the death of ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN, and telegrams of condolence have been received by the bereaved family from all parts of the country. . . Down town the feeling of sorrow was widespread. . . A waiter in the Astor House paid him a tribute, saying, "He was a great enough man to be able to treat those below him with respect."

New-York Herald.

THE BENCH AND THE BAR ARE LOUD IN THEIR PRAISES OF THE LATE ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN.

December 6, 1887.

THE announcement yesterday of the sudden death of Mr. SULLIVAN, the well-known lawyer, was a great shock to the members of the New-York bar.

Mr. Sullivan's brilliant talents, the fairness he always evinced toward his legal opponents, and the charm of his manners had gained for him a popularity both on the bench and at the bar, which has rarely been equaled in the city. Of uncommon appearance, kind and frank, he was always welcomed by the Court in any case in which he appeared, because it was felt that his learning, ability, and absolute truthfulness would assist the Court in the trial of any question of law and fact with which it had to deal.

He was of great equipoise and absolutely master of himself, so that his life was free from petty bickering or unrest.

New-York Star.

Mourning in the City for Algernon S. Sullivan.

December 6, 1887.

THE announcement of the death of ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN, the well-known lawyer, was received with expressions of profound sorrow, not alone in legal circles, but by the entire business and social community. He was prominently identified with many charitable and humane enterprises, and few men were better known or more highly respected than he. His social life was as brilliant as his legal career, and his taste for art, music, and the drama afforded enjoyable relaxation from the dry details of law and politics.

Mr. Sullivan's tall, slender, graceful figure, his white hair and silvery mustache attracted attention wherever he went. In the parlor, on the rostrum, his eloquence, candor, and frankness commanded attention. His sweet, musical voice and the felicity of his language were a matter of common remark, and early in his residence here he became known as the "silvery-voiced orator from Ohio."

New-York Press.

December 6, 1887.

IN the death of the late ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN, the bar of New-York has lost one of its most eloquent orators and the country one of its most distinguished and loyal citizens. The great respect in which Mr. Sullivan was held was plainly shown by the sympathy that has been extended on all sides. All day long the offices of Sullivan & Cromwell were filled with prominent lawyers and leading citizens, who had called to express their condolence with the members of the firm. At Mr. Sullivan's late home in West 11th Street many friends called. The majority of the Courts took formal notice by adjournment or motions that the death be recorded on the Court minutes.

Scores of telegrams and letters were received, both at the house and at the office of the firm, from all parts of the country and all classes of men.

New-York Telegram.

December 6, 1887.

THE late ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN was one of the kindest hearted men I ever knew, said

one of his law partners to a *Telegram* reporter yesterday. If he had not been so liberal with his money he would have died a millionaire. He was continually beset by pensioners upon his bounty and time, and again I have known him to give away or lend all the ready cash he had in his pockets, and then when he wanted to use some money for himself he would have to borrow of me or draw from his bank. Although he had a large number of wealthy clients, he had many poor ones also, and it was no uncommon thing for him to spend his time talking to a poor laborer about some petty legal point and keep clients who had big cases waiting for an audience. He was one of the old-fashioned lawyers who thought a great deal more of his profession than he did of dollars and cents.

New-York Herald,

49 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

December 6, 1887.

MR. ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN, one of the best-known figures in New-York circles of law, politics, and society, died last night after a brief illness. He was sixty years of age.

New-York Sun.

December 7, 1887.

THERE is a particularly kind reminiscence of the late Mr. ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN on the Produce Exchange. On May 6, 1884, when the new building was to be opened with great ceremony, Senator Evarts was to have been the orator. At eleven o'clock on that day the Senator send word that he had an illness which would prevent his carrying out his part of the programme. The committee was agitated and flew after Mr. Sullivan and asked him to take the Senator's place. The ceremonies were to begin at two o'clock. Mr. Sullivan got excused from other duties, and at two o'clock he appeared on the platform to deliver the oration. In appreciation of Mr. Sullivan's kindness the managers voted him the privilege of the floor for his lifetime, and when he died the flag was run up at half-mast.

New-York Times.

December 7, 1887.

THE funeral of ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN will take place to-morrow morning at ten o'clock from the First Presbyterian Church, Fifth

Avenue and 11th Street. The Rev. Richard D. Harlan will conduct the services. The pall-bearers will be the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, Judge John R. Brady, Judge Edward Patterson, Surrogate Daniel G. Rollins, James C. Carter, Joseph H. Choate, William Moir, John H. Flagler, Andrew G. Dickinson, and John A. Hardenburg.

The Southern Society will furnish a guard of honor, and deputations will be present from the Archæological and Numismatic Society, the Bar, the Produce Exchange, the Faculty of the College of Pharmacy, the New-York College of Music, and the Ohio Society.

New-York Tribune.

December 7, 1887.

AT a special meeting of the Ohio Society at its rooms, No. 236 Fifth Avenue, last evening, Gen. Thomas Ewing, the President, announced the death of ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN, one of the Vice-Presidents, and pronounced a touching eulogy upon his life and character. Gen. Wager Swayne also paid a glowing tribute to the memory of Mr. Sullivan. Judge Warren Higby, C. C. Shayne, and Col. C. W. Moulton bore testimony to the dead man's remarkable talents and

qualities in well-chosen words, after which the resolution was adopted unanimously.

The following members were appointed a committee to attend the funeral: President Thomas Ewing; Vice-Presidents Whitelaw Reid, L. Strong, and Gen. Wager Swayne; Secretary Homer Lee; Recording Secretary John Q. Mitchell; Treasurer William Perry Fogg; Governing Committee, H. L. Burnett, A. J. C. Foye, George Follett, Joseph Poole, John Dickson, William H. Eckert, C. W. Moulton, A. D. Juilliard, Warren Higby, Jerome D. Gellett, Calvin S. Brice, Carson Lake, Charles Sprague, A. W. Green, H. H. Brockway, P. B. Armstrong, L. H. Crall, C. C. Shayne, and H. A. Glassford.

The committee will meet at the Society's rooms at 9:30 A. M. to-morrow and march to the church.

New-York World.

December 6, 1887.

AT a meeting of the Southern Society, of which Mr. ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN was President, the officers, executive committee, and the following special committee were named to represent the Society at the funeral services: John R. Abney, H. Bristow, George W. Bee,

Hugh L. Cole, the Rev. C. F. Deems, A. J. Dickinson, Chandos Fulton, Hugh R. Gardin, Douglas Green, Pickney F. Green, John H. Inman, J. Fairfax McLoughlin, John C. Graham, Dr. J. H. Parker, Dr. William M. Polk, Octavus J. Norris, Theodore H. Price, R. T. Wilson, Anson Maltby, Frank R. Chambers, James Swan, Percy S. Mallett, Gen. John Newton, William W. Sharp, and J. McKenzie Semple.

New-York Evening Sun.

December 8, 1887.

THE death of ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN, said one of the prominent members of the bar to an "Evening Sun" reporter, is a great loss to the bar, but a greater loss to the community. No more just estimate than this could be given of the man whose kindness of heart made him revered by the poor and beloved by the rich. After a life spent in relieving the poor and conciliating the angry, it was meet that after his work was done, death should overtake him as it did. He passed away while quietly sleeping.

New Haven Journal and Courier.

NEW HAVEN, Dec. 8, 1887.

To the Editor of the Journal and Courier:

THE announcement of the death and burial of ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN of New-York City has sent through the hearts of many, even here, a chill such as only sudden death can inflict.

This gentleman in life was the friend of every one who was right-minded and honest with regard to race, nationality, or creed. It was his pride and pleasure as a lawyer to defend the right, and he could not be retained to defend the wrong; though he might make an effort to palliate mistakes and accord to the law its demands discounted by mercy to one who had without knowing it trespassed upon its requirements. We have known Mr. Sullivan to refuse large retainers when offered to defend purposely wrongdoers, and to serve innocent wrongdoers without charge. We have known him to answer his political friends no, when he thought the use of his name would lead confiding friends to act directly contrary to public interest. In short he stood upon his own pedestal of right and justice regardless of the rule of the legal bar to take retainers and throw the great power of his moral

character and the influence of his professional prestige into cases where it would become necessary to strive to make the court swerve from its ermine purity or to so bemuddle a jury as to close their eyes to the light of truth. . . As Public Administrator of the city of New-York Mr. Sullivan filled the place and performed its duties for years, and left the office of choice rather than embark in the thralldom of political methods of advancing party interests and securing wealth to themselves.

No man was more gentle, nor more firm, and no lawyer was more believed in and beloved, even by his opponents. Respect and self-respect went hand in hand with his elegant person wherever he went, and they will meet a common grave when the earth shall open to receive its treasure.

Though living in another State it was our good fortune to be a friend of his and client as well, whereby we became acquainted with one whose character shone in dark days, and who never evaded a duty which conscience and a kind heart prompted him to perform.

GOUVERNEUR.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

December 9, 1887.

THE late ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN of New-York, distinguished lawyer, just man, and good citizen, was beloved in life and honored in death. He was addicted to helping meritorious young men — a precious proclivity.

New-York Press.

REMINISCENCES OF A LAWYER'S CAREER, BY A FRIEND.

December 11, 1887.

NO better evidence of the life and esteem almost amounting to veneration, in which the late ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN was held, could be found than in the fact of the presence at his funeral last Thursday of citizens and persons in all stations of life, from the highest city dignitary to the most humble laborer, not to take into consideration the pretty little school children who attended with tearful eyes the ceremony that finished the great patriot and able lawyer's earthly career. Like all true philanthropists he never wanted credit for his noble deeds, but was satisfied with the reward of his own

virtue, the knowledge that he had done good to a fellow-being. And now that he has gone from us forever, it is but fitting that his noble-mindedness and philanthropic generosity should be known to the world. . . As a lawyer he was one of the finest in the world — distinguished for his forensic ability. His presence and character as a man gave force to anything he said. He carried with him conviction that he was on the right side. But to people who knew him, his greatest charm was his beautiful loveliness of character. He was the same lovable person to a poor one in need as to the greatest of the many great men with whom he came in contact, and no one ever presented himself to him for help without having his request granted. While apparently and actually as gentle as a dove in his feelings, at the same time he was a man of very firm will when occasion demanded that he should assert himself. He was not combative in spirit, but when forced into a controversy he was always equal to the occasion, and one of his striking qualities was his great moral courage.

He had the honor of making the motion to admit the first colored member to the New-York bar, which he seemed to take special pride in doing as a Democrat. He was always a friend to the colored people of this city and was well

known among them. He seemed to charm everybody who came in contact with him, and while being as gentle as a lamb, was as bold as a lion and firm as a rock when in the right.

Indianapolis Sentinel.

WHEN the telegraph lately announced the death of ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN, the public only thought of him as the eminent orator and lawyer of New-York City. Very few knew that he was almost equally prominent in Indiana forty years ago in a most exciting epoch of that State's history and before he had reached his majority, and that he was then affectionately known as the "boy orator" and similar titles of the kind current in the somewhat effusive West.

Though Mr. Sullivan ranked high as a lawyer and orator, he never attained to anything like the national fame which his early friends in Ohio very confidently predicted for him. Perhaps the reasons may be found in the remarkable political changes. When he stumped Indiana in 1846 and 1847, the Democratic party was in the full tide of its aggressive energy, and he was advocating the most progressive measures Indiana ever adopted. When he settled in the city in full maturity of his powers, the Democratic party

was entering upon its long period of exclusion from office as an opposition party. Through all the years of greatest political excitement he was unfaltering in his political faith; but opposition was not in the line of his abilities.

St. Louis Republican.

December 11, 1887.

IT is nothing new to hear of an Eastern man coming West and growing up with the country, but the number of Western men who have turned eastward and caught up with the country could be easily enumerated.

Perhaps no Western emigrant in New-York ever succeeded in making such a pleasing impression on the natives as the late ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN, whose death was announced a few days ago.

New-York Observer.

December 15, 1887.

MR. ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN'S funeral, Thursday last, in the First Presbyterian Church of this city, was largely attended by leading citizens and devoted friends. His abilities, char-

acter, and attractive qualities made him prominent and influential in public and social life. His bereaved household have the sympathy of a wide circle that includes many who are far and near.

Charlestown Free Press.

CHARLESTOWN, West Va., Dec., 1887.

FOR twelve years the writer of this slight reminiscence of the life of a very remarkable man saw and conversed with Mr. Sullivan almost every day, and saw and felt some new amenity in his character whenever that character was called into play. His home life was as beautiful as all the rest, but God and fire-side are sacred subjects from the profane gaze, and as his noble widowed spouse and son, carrying out the wishes of the dear one gone, are said to have desired no eulogies to be spoken at the bier of him with whose praises the whole city is ringing, so let me pause at the portals of domesticity and cast a spray of flowers on the lintels to express how responsively the great heart of the city is beating with the hearts of those within.

J. F. McL.

NEW-YORK, Dec. 8, 1887.

New-Orleans Picayune.

Algernon S. Sullivan and his shining Life.

December 9, 1887.

A LEADING lawyer, a leading Democrat, a leading club man, a leader in society — all these and more was Mr. Sullivan. He was one of the silver tongued of his generation. No public occasion was considered complete unless heightened by his eloquence. His was a universal and cosmopolitan genius. In every department of life he seemed to have interest and insight. He was emphatically one of those New-Yorkers like to point out as representative citizens. There is none to fill the vacancy he left in the ranks.

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